The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1914.

Summary of the News

A résumé of the naval and military operations in the European war during the past week will be found in a Chronicle of the War on page 215. In these columns we shall deal only with the more general or political developments of the situation.

The declaration of war, or rather the official statement that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Austria, which had been regarded as inevitable for some days, finally came on August 13. The form in which the statement was made was probably adopted in order that Italy might not be under the technical obligation to join with her nominal allies in resenting what might have been regarded as an act of aggression had Great Britain actually taken the initiative in making a declaration of war. Nothing, however, appears more improbable than that Italy should now be induced by any consideration, technical or otherwise, to throw in her lot with Austria.

By far the most important development in the international situation was the ultimatum sent by Japan to Germany on August 16, demanding the immediate withdrawal from Japanese and Chinese waters of German men-of-war and armed vessels of all kinds, or the disarmament of those which cannot be so withdrawn, and the surrender without compensation to the imperial Japanese authorities of the entire leased territory of Kiao-chau, with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China. A time limit of one week was given for the receipt of Germany's reply to the ultimatum, and its demands were to be complied with by September 15. The reply that Germany will give is naturally not in doubt, and so Japan will be added to the Powers with which the German Empire is at war.

Some concern has been expressed in this country lest Japanese aggression against Germany should extend to the German island possessions in the Pacific. The attitude of the Administration, however, is understood to be that it does not question the good faith of Japan, and the British Government on August 17 issued a statement pointing out that the ultimatum was only delivered after full consultation between Tokio and London. It also expressly stated that the action of Japan would not extend to the Pacific Ocean beyond the China seas, except in so far as it might be necessary to protect Japanese shipping lines in the Pacific, and Sir Edward Grey is said to have received assurances from Japan that Kiao-chau would be surrendered to China in accordance with the undertaking contained in the ultimatum.

Some alarm has been caused, particularly to Greece, by the purchase last week by the Turkish Government of the two German cruisers, Goeben and Breslau, which passed through the Dardanelles after running the gantlet of the British and French fleets. Turkey's action was made the subject of inquiries by the Powers of the Triple Entente, and assurances were given that the German crews would be repatriated and the vessels manned by Turkish crews. The purchase has been made, according to Turkish explanations, to compensate for the taking over by Great Britain of the Turkish Dreadnought that was building in English yards, and to offset the recent purchase by Greece of the Idaho and Mississippi from the United States.

Russia at the end of last week made a desperate bid, which appears likely to be successful, for the support of the Poles. A manifesto to Poland was issued by the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, promising autonomy to the country in return for loyalty in the present crisis.

The British Government on August 13 adopted the heroic measure of guaranteeing the Bank of England against loss on discounts granted by it. The beneficial effect of this unprecedented action was immediately seen in a considerable easing of the financial situation. The Government has also guaranteed insurance of cargoes, the guarantee apparently being confined to cargoes on British bottoms and consigned to British ports.

The difficulties of American tourists abroad are gradually being ameliorated. With the resumption of transatlantic traffic, many have already returned. Seven boats, carrying 9,000 passengers, left England on Saturday, and within the next three weeks forty-eight other ships are scheduled to leave British ports for America. Announcement of plans for the relief of stranded Americans was made on Tuesday by Henry S. Breckinridge, Assistant Secretary of War. London is to be the headquarters for the relief of those Americans now on the Continent. The cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina will make their headquarters at Falmouth, moving from there to Continental points whenever it may be found necessary.

Since public interest has been somewhat diverted by European affairs, the Mexican situation has settled itself with remarkable rapidity. The process of transfer of power was complicated but expeditious. Dr. Carbajal, Provisional President, on Thursday turned over the chief authority to Gen. Iturbide, Governor of the Federal District, and departed for Vera Cruz. Gen. Iturbide promptly transferred the power to the Constitutionalist Gen. Obregon, who entered Mexico City with his troops on Saturday, amid the acclaim of the multitude. The Federal army has been dissolved, and, with the resignation of the Military Governors of the states of Chiapas, Vera Cruz, Tabasco, and Campeche, the last vestige of the Huerta régime is at an end. Gen. Carranza has not yet entered the city, but is expected to do so shortly.

The Panama Canal was formally opened to traffic on Saturday for all ships up to 10,000 tons register. The steamship Ancon, owned by the United States War Department and leased to the Panama Railroad for service in the New York-Colon trade, was the first big boat to go through. Col. Goethals, builder of the Canal, and an official party, including President Porras of the Republic of Panama, were on board. The trip from ocean to ocean was made in ten hours.

The United States District Court, sitting at St. Paul on August 12, declared the International Harvester Company to be a monopoly in restraint of trade, and ordered it dissolved. An appeal will be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

A conference was held in Washington last week to discuss means for offsetting the estimated loss in import duties of $100,000,000 that is expected to result from the war in Europe. It was decided to draft a bill to raise the amount, and the Ways and Means Committee will take up the task of framing the bill as soon as possible.

The question of the unwarranted increase in the prices of foodstuffs in this country upon the pretext of conditions existing in Europe was taken up by President Wilson last week with Attorney-General McReynolds, with a view to determining whether prosecutions could be undertaken against those who were artificially raising the prices. The matter is under investigation.

The shipping bill, admitting foreign built ships to American registry, was passed by the Senate on Monday by a vote of 40 to 20. The bill was passed in its original form as it had been adopted by the House, the conference report being rejected. The bill suspends the restrictions requiring that foreign built ships applying for American registry be less than five years old, and authorizes the President to suspend also the provisions requiring all watch officers to be American citizens, and requiring survey, inspection, and measurement by officers of the United States. Coastwise shipping will not be affected by the terms of the bill.

The question of the propriety of banking houses in this country arranging loans to any of the European Powers engaged in war has occupied the attention of the State Department during the past week, as a result of inquiries made by J. P. Morgan & Company as to what would be the Administration's attitude towards the project of extending a loan of several hundred millions to France. The reply of the State Department was that such action would be inadvisable, and that "loans by American bankers to any foreign nation which is at war are inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality." A statement issued by Mr. J. P. Morgan on Monday made it clear that the advice of the State Department would be complied with.

The deaths of the week include: Pol Plançon, John P. Holland, Prof. A. S. Bickmore, August 12; Henry L. Oestreich, August 13; Michael A. Scanlon, August 16; Lieut.-Gen. James M. Grierson, Robert Drouet, August 17.

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The Week

Last Saturday the Panama Canal, the greatest engineering achievement in the world, was thrown open for traffic, and—there is no foreign traffic. Could anything be more sardonic? Just when the most notable enterprise of peace nears completion, the war comes on to paralyze ocean transportation. The one is an enormous constructive task finished; the other bids fair to be the greatest destructive action of humanity of which there is any record. The amount of capital which will be destroyed in Europe alone, if this war lasts a few months, would build several such canals. Of course, so far as ocean transportation is concerned, this is a passing condition, while the Panama waterway is presumably there for all time, and it will profit by the trade revival and the regeneration of American shipping whenever they come. But it is doubtful if any one happening could throw into clearer relief the essentially wasteful and destructive character of the war abroad than Col. Goethals's notice to the world that the greatest American conquest of peace is ready to serve those who are so busily cutting one another's throats.

The official British statement about the Japanese ultimatum to Germany shows, what was surely to be inferred, that the step was taken only after consultation with the Foreign Office in London. No proof, however, is offered of the assertion that the two nations were compelled to joint action to "protect their general interests in the Far East." No evidence of German aggression there has been produced. The obvious German policy in the Orient was to lie low during the war. Germany was fully aware of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and knew that any attack by her on Hongkong or Wei-hai-wei or the Straits Settlement would instantly bring Japan upon her back. Of course, the English will say that war is war, and that, once in, she is entitled to use every weapon against Germany within her reach. Yet England would have been in a stronger moral position if she had sought to dissuade Japan from striking this blow. The official statement adds that hostile action is to be confined to the China seas and to "German occupation in the Continent of Asia." But this sounds very like the talk about "localizing" the war between Austria and Servia. War has a way of refusing to be a limited liability company. In the end, the Japanese may be found in possession of German Samoa as well as Kiao-chau.

From the full text of the English diplomatic correspondence preceding the war, which has now reached this country, nothing essential is to be gleaned that was not contained in the cabled accounts. One point, however, stands out clearly in the last dispatch of Sir Edward Grey included in the official publication. It was sent on the very eve of war, after he had declined the German offers to insure British neutrality: and it gave Germany a plain opportunity, not only of preventing the war, but of breaking up the Triple Entente. Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to the British Ambassador at Berlin:

> I said to German Ambassador this morning that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but, otherwise, I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in.

This was the last and splendid chance for German diplomacy. It failed to grasp it. And the plunge into war was made with, as the *Westminster Gazette* justly observes, "a confusion and miscalculation in the things that Bismarck would have regarded as essential."

Bidding for the good-will of the Poles has been going on briskly, ever since the outbreak of the war, but the Czar appears now to have outbid both his German and Austrian competitors. In an official proclamation from St. Petersburg, the Poles are assured that the Russians are their truest friends. This will be surprising news to the inhabitants of Warsaw. But to give a tangible and striking proof of his benevolent intentions, the Czar makes a definite promise to reunite all Poles in their ancient kingdom, and then to make it "autonomous." This new hope of a restored Poland—a hope which the Poles have cherished indomitably for a hundred and fifty years—has been acclaimed by Polish residents of Paris. "Magnificent! Sublime!" they exclaim. We have yet to hear anything definite from the Poles who have had actual experience of Russian government. They must be reflecting that his is a very sudden change of policy. Far from encouraging Polish national aspirations, Russia has steadily suppressed and punished hem. Poles must be excused if they wait a time before believing in this new-found nthusiasm of the Czar for a united Poland.

The numerous dispatches from Belgium which have been received since the outbreak of war, telling of German soldiers suffering from lack of food, will be of great interest to students of military affairs. The German commissariat is one of the unknown factors of the present problem. Unlike the custom in our own army, the Germans make but little of their supply officers; we give them high rank and place them in our army register ahead of all the line officers. In Germany it is just the reverse; the supply officials come far after the line troops, upon whose development everything is concentrated. Fighting in Europe, where there are perfect roads and railways in every direction, makes the provisioning of an army very different from that of our troops in the Civil War, or in our oversea expeditions to the Philippines and Cuba. In 1870 the supplying of the German army was excellently carried out; as Sheridan pointed out, the Germans were able to live largely off the country; but the problem of 1914 is a difficult one, if only because the forces called out are so much larger. Hence there has been a good deal of speculation as to how the commissariat would work over a long line of communications, and particularly if there should be a smashing reverse on the border. If the reports received are true in any considerable degree, it would seem as if this part of the German machine were halting and groaning, just as the reports of charges in solid masses on heavily armed forts indicate a failure to bring the German battle-tactics up to date. An army, as Lord Bacon said, proceeds on its belly, and can crawl at all only if its supplies reach it promptly.

The truth about the war which is at length being furnished to a prejudiced world from mpartial sources friendly to Germany does not differ perceptibly in spirit from the ruth that emanates from Brussels, Paris, and London. Mr. Ridder's English column n the *Staats-Zeitung*, instead of nailing the ies of Germany's enemies, only nails Germany's flag to the mast in the face of the entire world; a laudable performance in its way, but hardly carrying out the promise that American readers would find in the *Staats-Zeitung* the facts which Anglo-Saxon orrespondents and editors are unwilling to ive to the public. So the German-American Chamber of Commerce has chosen for

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the author of the first of its "impartial presentations" of the war a member of the German General Staff who is now in this country. Our awe for that greatest of military machines is somewhat lessened when a member of the Kaiser's General Staff explains the German method of attacking forts in close formation, at Liège, as resulting from the fact that as the original circle of assailants draws closer to the enemy's position the circle grows smaller, and the formation thickens up. Nor, we hope, is the General Staff's exactitude of information indicated by this officer's statement that "all Belgian fortresses were constructed by French engineers." Gen. Brialmont, who planned the fortifications on the line Liège-Namur and Antwerp, was a native Belgian.

When Gabriel blows the last trump and the elements melt with fervent heat, the *Marine Journal* will rise to explain: "This would not have happened if we had only had ship subsidies." It now emits a wail over the "Day of Retribution" which has come to this country for disregarding its warnings. Didn't it always say that, if the United States did not subsidize a mercantile marine, the day would come when foreign ships would fail us and our commerce would be paralyzed? Well, now you see. "We did not pay the subsidies and now we do not have the ships." But does anybody think that the *Marine Journal* wants the ships without the subsidies? Not for an instant. It denounces the bill to give American registry to foreign-built ships as a "wretched subterfuge" and a "miserable scheme of buncombe legislation." Let any craven American dare to buy such a ship and he will find out what the *Marine Journal* thinks of him. Its platform is, No ships without subsidies. As a last resort, we presume, it might compromise on taking subsidies without the ships.

The decision of the Federal District Court against the Harvester Company, in the Government's suit under the Anti-Trust law, is based on reasoning which will make review of the decision by the Supreme Court, on appeal, altogether desirable. The decision itself was reached by vote of two out of the three sitting Justices, and the two majority opinions are not wholly in harmony. All three agree that the open and obnoxious suppression of competition, which was the main ground for the Supreme Court's decisions against the Oil and Tobacco combinations, has not been proved in the case of the Harvester Company. One of the two majority opinions waives entirely the argument as to alleged unlawful methods of organization, to which much attention is given by the other majority opinion, and asserts that the simple fact of combination of "five great competing companies, which controlled more than 80 per cent. of the trade, . . . is the controlling fact; all else is detail." But as to even this argument of Judge Hook, the minority opinion of Judge Sanborn answers:

> The evidence in this suit seems to me to present a new case under the Anti-Trust law. No case has been found in the books, and none has come under my observation, in which the absence of all the evils against which that law was directed at the time the suit was brought and for seven years before was so conclusively proved as in this suit.

When the Supreme Court reviews the case, it will presumably have to take cognizance of a previous anti-Trust decision of its own, other than the Oil and Tobacco Company decisions of 1911. We refer to the Northern Securities decision of 1904. The main opinion against the railway merger, in that case, answered defendants' argument—to the effect that no overt act whatever had been committed in restraining or regulating traffic by the Northern Securities directorate as such—by the statement that, under the necessary purpose of the combination, "competition between the constituent companies would cease." Justice Brewer's concurring opinion rested on the argument that if "these two railroad companies can, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation," be placed under one control, "then in like manner, as was conceded on the argument by one of the counsel for the appellants, could the control of all the railroads in the country be placed in a single corporation." It has been felt by all close observers of the course of the anti-Trust litigation that the decisions of 1911 swung away from the specific reasoning of the decision of 1904. The Court will now, in all probability, have to examine again, in the light of the Harvester Company's particular situation, the grounds of the opinion in the case of the Northern Securities. It will naturally have to consider the important question how far the precedent is affected by the fact that combination of all existing railways would create an essential monopoly, whereas combination of all existing implement manufacturers would not necessarily have that result.

The acceptance last week by the New Haven Railroad of the reorganization agreement with the Federal Government, the recent rejection of which brought about the Federal suit, was due to several causes. Wish to avoid the delay incident to prolonged litigation was naturally one. Consent of the Department of Justice not to insist on surrender of ownership in the New York and New England line—an important east-and-west route in the system—was another; relinquishment of that road had been demanded in the Federal suit. The question on which the negotiations lately broke down—that of selling the New Haven's Boston & Maine shares, stamped with the formal assertion of the right of purchase by the State of Massachusetts—is virtually left to the courts; for the present agreement provides that if the trustees of that stock shall have been unable to sell it under such conditions within a year, the matter shall go to a trial court. In the meantime, there is the chance that the Massachusetts Legislature may take action that will remove what are now acknowledged impediments to such a sale.

On Saturday the Constitutionalist forces under Gen. Obregon entered Mexico City, the same day that Gen. Huerta landed in England to seek a well-earned rest, with which unfortunately the disturbed condition of Europe may somewhat interfere. The entry of the Constitutionalists was to the accompaniment of much rejoicing, and the streets which but lately resounded to the cries of "Viva Huerta" now echoed the name of Madero—which shows that Mexico City is very much like any other capital. Gen. Carranza's arrival is still being delayed, partly because of the more formal ceremonies that will attend the event, partly because of the necessity of transporting the machinery of government, personnel, and archives, which has moved from place to place during the last two years with the advance of revolutionary fortunes. The transfer of power is taking place in peace; the guarantees demanded for the supporters of the fallen régime have been arranged. A little more than three years after Francisco Madero was installed in power, a government pledged to carry out the political and social reform embodied in the Madero programme will be once more functioning in the capital.

It is not unmitigated optimism to believe that a new epoch has thus begun for the troubled republic. It is true that the habit of revolution may persist, and that unclouded peace is still for the future. But, after all, even in Mexico a revolution, to attain formidable dimensions, must have a

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cause behind it. Madero stood for one set of principles, and the reaction under Felix Diaz and Huerta stood for another set of principles. That the reaction has spent its force for a long time to come, if not forever, may be safely assumed. Mexico cannot go back to the state policies and economic policies of Porfirio Diaz. Such dangers, therefore, as are anticipated will arise from the personal jealousies and aspirations of those who have carried the revolution to success. But here also we have grounds for believing that the dissensions between Carranza and Villa have been magnified by their opponents. Or, if strife should break out, there is still the all-important fact that, whereas formerly Mexico's internal troubles were fed in part from across the Rio Grande or regarded with contemptuous indifference there, the elements now in control in Mexico City have behind them the expressed friendship of the United States. Carranza has with him the good wishes of the American people and the Administration at Washington, a factor almost of primary importance in guaranteeing the permanence of the new régime.

Announcement from Washington that 80 out of 130 approved candidates have taken the examinations for the commercial attaché service, and will be hurried through further tests, assures our trade of one form of prompt assistance in taking advantage of its new opportunities. By the end of next month it is hoped to have a Government representative each at Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, and Santiago; while already six special agents are ready to depart for the same field. No stroke could have been more fortunate, as events turned out, than that of the Administration in procuring the recent appropriations of $100,000 for the commercial attachés, and of $50,000 for the special agents. Five of the former were to have been situated at London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, and Peking, and whether the destination of any of them will be changed is not yet known. But the other four, with the agents designated outside the civil service, have a unique opening to prove their usefulness. Emphasis is being laid in the tests not merely on their knowledge of languages and of commercial matters, but upon their character and address. Three of the agents have been assigned respectively to survey the lumber market, the hardware market, and the textile and fruit markets; and the directions of their fellows will be made public in a few days. No one can now accuse American manufacturing and exporting interests of the indifference to South America that was only beginning to be dissipated a few months ago.

The Colonel was never strong on logic, but in his speech on Saturday about the war and the United States and the Monroe Doctrine and the peace treaties, he got himself more than usually tangled up. He began by felicitating his countrymen on their being not only out of this awful European conflict, but freed from the burden of "crushing armaments." This latter immunity is conferred upon us by the Monroe Doctrine. Without it, European Powers would have colonized in South America—he said nothing about North America; Canada doesn't count for the purposes of the argument—and then we should have had to fight them all. Blessed be the Monroe Doctrine, which saved us from all that! But stay a moment. The Colonel is not yet done. Unless the Monroe Doctrine is supported by overwhelming "force," it is worth less than the paper on which it is written. European nations would not respect it for a moment unless we were prepared to whip any or all of them that infringed it. Consequently, we must make our naval and military power so great that all Europe would not dare attack us. Thus does the Colonel work up to his little Q. E. D.—namely, that we are happily free from "crushing armaments."

The most interesting feature of Ohio's State primary, held last week, is the defeat of ex-Senator Foraker in his attempt to put himself in line for return to the body he left five years ago. Personal antagonisms, one of the few certainties of Ohio politics, probably had as much to do with this result as larger issues, although the Foraker platform of opposition to the Administration at all points, good and bad, in the old thoroughgoing way, could hardly appeal to the sober-minded of his party. But while his defeat by ex-Lieut.-Gov. Warren G. Harding is interesting, the more important result of the primaries is the renomination of the Democratic Governor, James M. Cox. Gov. Cox has aroused the enmity of partisans who have not been provided with all they wanted in the way of patronage, and a vigorous fight was waged against him on this score. But it turns out to have been more vigorous than general. His position upon the question of State reforms had won to him the forward-looking Democrats of Ohio, and, as the successful candidates are, under the Ohio Primary law, the official framers of the party platforms, his is more than a personal victory. The disappointing feature of the contest was, as is usual, the light vote.

Just before the European war cloud burst, there were reports from the Middle West of great political activity by ex-Senator Beveridge. He was addressing audiences in Illinois. Then came the war and news from Illinois suffered an eclipse. But it now appears that there was a special election for judge in the Sixth Judicial District, the returns from which have at length been compiled. They are rather interesting. The once triumphant G. O. P. was rent in twain in this district in 1912, the vote being 11,000 for Taft and 13,000 for Roosevelt, which let Wilson walk away with it with 15,000 votes. At the recent election, after a vigorous campaign by Beveridge and Medill McCormick, who toured the district in a special train, and poured out the vials of Progressive wrath upon Cannon, ex-Representative McKinley, and other well-known Illinoisians, the Republican nominee polled 8,000 votes, the Democratic nominee 6,000 votes, and the Bull Moose 2,800 votes, Wilson carried every one of the six counties in 1912, with one exception. The Republicans did the same thing this year, the exceptional county going for Roosevelt two years ago and this time for the Democratic candidate.

One year of a compulsory education law is convincing North Carolina of the shame of having gone for so many years without it. For every one hundred children of school age in the State, at least twelve who were absent before have been taken to school and kept there, an aggregate of 40,000 new pupils being registered. In one county which the State Statistician calls typical, there was an increase in average daily attendance of 17.4 per cent.; in another of almost 30 per cent. Opposition to the law was expected, but its enforcement was "patient and tactful," and it has been heartily supported in nearly all communities. Its results are the more notable in that the act affects only children of from eight to twelve years. South Carolina is witnessing a State fight for a similar measure, and the experience of her neighbor is proving valuable, as the Spartansburg *Herald* notes, to dissipate the impression that compulsory education "cannot be applied in Southern States." There are only six commonwealths in the Union, indeed, which are now without such laws; and in every one of these efforts are being made to enact them.

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THE SLAVIC TERROR.

We can readily understand why champions of Germany should speak of the war in Europe as a predestined and gigantic struggle of races. It is the fated collision of Teuton and Slav, they say; and they picture the immense disaster to Western civilization which would follow if the wave of Pan-Slavism proved irresistible and the Czar set his heel upon the neck of all Europe. Such questions as the following have been frequently addressed to the *Nation* during the past few days: What do you think of the Russian autocracy? Do you wish to see the *pogrom* spread over Western Europe? Would you supplant Uhlan by Cossack? Is it your preference that the methods of the Russian police should be made the standard of civilization, and that the ferocious means of restoring "order in Warsaw" should be introduced at Berlin and Vienna? Do you believe in the reign of the law or in rule by the knout?

These questions answer themselves. The very fact that they are put, however, by some of our correspondents, argues an excitable state of mind which can hardly be expected at present to see things in true perspective. It is natural, we repeat, that German sympathizers should seek to raise these terrible spectres of Slavs bestriding the whole civilized world. The war is colossal, and it is easy to translate it into terms of a vast historic movement and the death-grapple of two civilizations. But even in the heat of conflict we should endeavor to keep our heads. And we think that a little calm examination will show that it is impossible to represent this war as a clean-cut combat between Slav and Teuton, or to maintain that the Slavic terror is now, or will be when the war is over, anything so closely resembling a *Dies iræ* as some of our deeply moved German friends would make it out.

Not all of our correspondents are agreed on this Slavic thesis. Some of them contend that the war was caused by Anglo-Saxon perfidy and greed. Others say that it was brought on by the Celt's unslaked thirst for revenge. When you begin moving "races" about like pawns, there is no telling what strange and contradictory juxtapositions and combinations will result! We presume that one reason why some hesitate to go the whole theory of the Slavic menace is that they pause to consider a few facts in regard to the distribution of population by races. Germany herself has fully 2,500,000 Slavs within her Empire. Would she like the word to be spread through East and West Prussia that the hour had now struck for a war to the death between Teuton and Slav, so that her Polish subjects would feel the call of race stronger than that of German allegiance? As for Austria-Hungary, the assumed initiator of this apocalyptic world-war against the Slav, she has millions of Slavs among her own subjects. A rough but fair estimate is that 23,000,000 of the heterogeneous peoples that go to make up the total of 46,000,000 in Austria-Hungary are entitled to be called Slavic. Thus we are asked to believe that Austria has desired to give the signal for a *Weltkrieg* that would array half of her own population against their Government!

Such considerations do not, of course, go to the heart of the Slavic terror. They simply throw light on some of its marginal absurdities. The central prophecy is two-fold. It is that, in case of a defeat of Germany by Russia, France, and England, Russia will instantly proceed to dominate her present allies; and then—prediction number two—that Russian autocracy will irresistibly submerge the civilization of Western Europe. But surely this is "a large order," even for an agitated prophet. Take the first part of it. The Triple Entente exists for the present emergency only. Like the Triple Alliance, it will pretty surely be thrown into the melting-pot after this war. Indeed, the whole foregoing system of European alliances will be broken up. And the supposition that Russia triumphant would at once undertake to drag France and England at her chariot wheels, flies full in the face of all probability. Great Britain cannot in a day forget her far-flung Empire in the Orient, or the historic danger of Russian encroachments upon it. Nor could France ever translate her obligations under the Dual Alliance into a duty to part with her new-found allies, the English, who had saved her from another terrible defeat. If there is any dominating to be done, when the time comes to settle the terms of peace, it is much more likely to be done by France and England together than by Russia alone. More probable than either would be some kind of European Congress—a modern Congress of Vienna—in which all the details could be threshed out.

However, let us grant for the moment the contention of those who are so alarmed by the nightmare of the imminent Slav. Call the war mainly Russia's. Concede that she will claim the victory as hers, with all the fruits thereof. Even so, is there any possibility of a Czar suddenly terrifying all Europe like another Genghis Khan, or of a brutal Russian regimen being imposed upon the countries to the south and west? None whatever, we think, will be affirmed by any cool student of the problem, after balancing all the elements available and weighing all probabilities. One probability stands out so clearly as almost to wear the guise of a certainty. It is that this war is to be followed by immense popular upheavals. These will take the form of determined protests against militarism and also against autocratic government. The vast half-articulate masses will no longer consent to be thought of as merely food for cannon, whenever their besotted rulers give the signal for carnage. And if Russia were to think of setting up an imposing Slavic statue, and bidding all the world fall down before it, she would speedily find that its feet were of clay. The spirit of revolution is only slumbering in Russia. It may awaken any day like a giant refreshed. No one is more keenly aware of this than the Russian rulers; and they cannot fail to dread the convulsions and reactions that are sure to be seen among the Russian people after the war is over. In this ever-haunting fear of revolution in Russia itself there is the plainest assurance that the present attempt to affright by the thought of a Slavic terrorism whelming all Europe will soon disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision.

WHY ENGLAND WENT TO WAR.

What chiefly surprises one who reads the English newspapers published during the week ending August 5 is the extent and intensity of the feeling against going to war with Germany. There was, of course, an active war party. In the press it was led by the London *Times* and *Daily Mail*. And naval men, it is evident, were hot for striking now that the hour for which they had been watching had come. But there was a powerful anti-war party. Its moderate exponent was the *Westminster Gazette*, a newspaper which has long shown that it stands closer to the Liberal Government than any other. It was all for caution and restraint, and, till the last moment, anxious to keep England out of the war and to find some means of coming to terms with Germany. But the impassioned champion of peace, through all the time when the issues hung in the balance, was the *Manchester Guardian*. This able newspaper—thought by many to be the most influential in England: outside London it certainly is—made a most gallant fight against the war. Day after day it made powerful appeals, argu-

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ing that neither English interest nor English honor required the nation to fling itself into the gulf of a European war.

And this opinion found very wide support throughout the country. A Neutrality League was formed. It at once gained numerous adherents. It spread its protests broadcast. And a host of enlightened Englishmen hastened to array themselves against the war party. Among them was the editor of the *Economist*, still the chief financial guide of England, with clergymen, professors, philanthropists, and honorable women not a few. One begins to understand why John Morley, veteran Liberal and friend of learning and progress, should have been so moved by all this demonstration that he resigned from the Cabinet rather than put his name to a declaration of war. One of the most striking documents put out was an "Appeal to Scholars," signed by Oxford and Cambridge professors. Those who have lightly maintained that all Englishmen were mad to strike a death-blow at Germany, should at least be given pause by such a passage as the following from this University appeal:

> We regard Germany as a nation leading the way in the arts and sciences, and we have all learned and are learning from German scholars. War upon her in the interest of Servia and Russia will be a sin against civilization. If by reason of honorable obligations we be unhappily involved in war, patriotism might still our mouths, but at this juncture we consider ourselves justified in protesting against being drawn into the struggle with a nation so near akin to our own, and with whom we have so much in common.

What was it, then, that swept away all this opposition to war with Germany, or rendered it futile? What finally broke down English patience? It was unquestionably the German invasion of Belgium. This reckless tearing up of a solemn international treaty, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, and regarded for eighty-five years by all the Powers as a part, in Professor Westlake's words, of "the permanent system of Europe," could not but fill England with alarm, could not but frustrate the efforts of the peace party. Early in the discussion the *Manchester Guardian* had admitted that a violation by Germany of Belgian neutrality would be intolerable; and when the thing was done, and the die was cast, it could only bow its head in grief and say: "Now there is nothing for Englishmen to do but to stand together and help by every means in their power to the attainment of our common object—an early and decisive victory over Germany."

Sir Edward Grey put the case in a way to which every Englishman could not fail to respond: "If it is a case that Belgium's neutrality is gone, no matter what might have been offered her in return, then her independence is gone; and the moment her independence goes, that of Holland will follow." This statement, declared Prof. J. H. Morgan, is one to which "every student of *international law will unhesitatingly subscribe.*" He pointed out by how many binding agreements Germany was estopped from setting foot on Belgian territory. It was not merely a case of the Treaty of London. This was carefully observed by Germany in 1870, when Bismarck was in charge of German diplomacy. After Sedan, Germany thought of transporting her wounded home through Belgian territory, and asked permission to do so. Belgium objected, and Germany acquiesced. Later she took upon herself a still more sacred obligation never to do what she has now done in Belgium. The Hague Convention of 1907 contained this explicit provision: "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power." To that Convention Germany was a signatory!

If any doubt remained that it was Germany's disregard of her treaties, and ruthless invasion of Belgium, that threw away her last chance of retaining, we will not say the friendship, but the neutrality of England, it would be dispelled by Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons, the full text of which has now reached us. He reviewed the whole matter of the relations of England to France, and of the earnest and unceasing efforts of the English Government to prevent the Austrian clash with Servia from drawing the other nations into war. He had no word of animosity to Germany. But he solemnly pointed out the *inevitable consequences of violating the* neutrality of either Holland or Belgium, both of them states which had no desire except to be left alone and independent, quoting with great effect the words of Mr. Gladstone, that a wanton disregard of the international guarantee of Belgium's independence would be "the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history."

But, of course, none of these things moved the German General Staff! It had its military plans all made for striking at the heart of France through Belgium, and nothing must be allowed to stay their execution. But the plans themselves have already failed, and in bringing England against Germany have a thousand times outweighed any immediate military advantage that might have been gained. It was a colossal blunder. Germany might well make her own to-day the historic warning sent by the French military attaché in Berlin to the War Office in Paris: "Beware of the German General Staff."

SOCIALISM AND WAR.

'Take care," once cried Mirabeau, in words often quoted by Socialist advocates of the general strike, "do not oppress this people, that produces everything, and that, to make itself formidable, has only to become motionless." No recent contention has been more urged by Socialist leaders than their ability thus to stop war. To-day their assertions look as ghastly as those of all other theorizers on war's impossibility. How much influence did Socialists exert during the recent swift march of affairs? We know that there were demonstrations in Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere; that the *Vorwärts* was suppressed for a day and Jaurès assassinated; that anti-war posters were multiplied. We know, too, that in Italy Socialism has been potent in forcing a neutral policy.

The Socialist contentions received their most forcible statement at the last international meeting at Basel, in November, 1912; in the national meetings that followed; and in the pamphlets like George Allan England's "The International Socialist Movement in World Peace." The Basel Congress declared itself ready to order the most drastic measures to prevent extension of the Balkan imbroglio; leaders from the English, French, German, and Austrian Parliaments drew up a manifesto threatening revolution if the war spread; and reports were made of the vast mass meetings that had been held simultaneously a week before in eight European capitals. It was no wonder that the Congress, going so far beyond the mere declarations against militarism of the previous Amsterdam and Copenhagen Congresses, and affirming that millions of men in France and Germany would stop the food supply in case of need, intoxicated the enthusiasts. Mr. England ends his account of the meeting by remarking that "the end of war for all time is now definitely in sight. I express my firm belief that, through the coherent anti-militarism of the increasing Socialist party all over the world, Mars has already received his death-blow." But the more cautious were doubtful, and based their doubts on grounds that are now sustained. The chief weakness, indeed, was revealed at the Con-

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gress, in the inability to agree on the general strike as the direct weapon against war. Bebel had refused it his full approval at Mannheim in 1906. In a question of national and party loyalties, many felt that they could not assent to crippling their country while still uncertain of what was happening to her opponents.

The exact status of this question when the war cloud broke is revealed in accounts of the meetings last month of the United Socialists of France. Jaurès, Vaillant, and Rapoport declared for invoking the international general strike in all cases, on the ground that all wars were an imperialistic expression of capitalism. As to its effectiveness, did not the Germans now see in it an adequate weapon to win general suffrage? But Morel and Hervé objected. "I doubt," said Morel, "the sufficient advancement of labor organization in various countries to make a strike other than one-sided, leaving the nation defenceless to active foes." To this the only reply was that the International would reject any plan not adopted on both sides of the frontier. But the division clearly marked the present weakness of Socialist anti-militarism. We see this in Jaurès's replies in *l'Humanité* to a series of articles in the *Temps*. With two countries going to war, he granted that the Brussels bureau must organize "the common and simultaneous action of both proletariates." And to this he saw even more obstacles than did the *Temps*. In Germany, Bebel had stated that popular as well as official action would crush any attempted general strike; in France the working classes had nowhere sufficient unity to pledge their action. What the Socialists *had* accomplished was to educate many millions to hate war, to strive against it as long as they consistently could, and to look forward to a day when the perfection of their organization might prevent it. They made an internal influence felt in each country.

In the crusade against war European Socialism doubtless enlists multitudes who would have no other affiliation with it; certainly, the sympathy that many feel is unaccompanied by any acceptance of the Socialist basis for anti-militarism, or of Socialist aims. Its campaign is felt to be an index of awakening democracy; to express the new realization of the working classes that it is intolerable that their money and their lives should be sacrificed to the ambitions of dynasties and military rings. The reactions that follow the war must surely give an impulse to true democracy, and to nothing else. The Socialists themselves have repeatedly warned autocratic and bureaucratic interests that such reactions were inevitable; they have pointed to the Commune after the Franco-Prussian War, and the Revolution after the Russo-Japanese War; and they have asked what will be the attitude towards change of the many followers of Social Democracy, from the 4,250,000 of Germany to the 1,300,000 of Austria. But the Commune gave the world the French Republic, and it may be trusted that any changes that follow 1914 will be similar in character. The excision of war will be the work of a well-awakened populace, who will be as capable of dealing with it as the one party, so silly in its boasts, has been shown impotent.

THE BILL FOR A MERCHANT MARINE.

It should be clearly understood that the Ship Registry Bill, as it finally was passed by Congress on Monday, does not embody comprehensive revision of our obnoxious shipping laws. The old Navigation Law of 1792 denied American registry to all ships except such as were "to be wholly owned by citizens and to be commanded by a citizen of the United States," and those of which the officers "shall in all cases be citizens of the United States." The amendments of 1884 and 1896 applied the last of these provisions to "all the officers who shall have charge of a watch, including pilots," and, on steam vessels, to "the chief engineer and each assistant engineer in charge of a watch."

The old law also provided that vessels built within the United States, vessels which might be captured in war, and vessels forfeited for breach of law, and no others, might be admitted to American registry. This was amended in 1892 so that registry might be granted to foreign-built ships of a stipulated speed and tonnage, owned to the extent of 90 per cent. by citizens; provided that the same owners "shall, subsequent to the date of this law, have built or have contracted to build, in American shipyards, steamships of an aggregate tonnage of not less in amount than that of the steamships so admitted to registry." But the old provisions which required the officering of these ships by American citizens remained. They were also left in the further amendment under the Panama Canal Act of 1912, in which "sea-going vessels . . . not more than five years old at the time they apply for registry wherever built," were admitted to registry if wholly owned by American citizens.

The only permanent change in these older laws, introduced by the Congressional amendment, is repeal of the condition that the ships must be not more than five years old. Regarding the stipulations as to manning the ships by American citizens, and in regard to certain onerous provisions regarding survey and inspection, the bill provides:

> That the President of the United States is hereby authorized whenever in his discretion the needs of foreign commerce may require to suspend by order, so far and for such length of time as he may deem desirable, the provisions of law prescribing that all the watch officers of vessels of the United States registered for foreign trade shall be citizens of the United States.
>
> Under like conditions, in like manner, and to like extent, the President of the United States is hereby authorized to suspend the provisions of the law requiring survey, inspection, and measurement by officers of the United States of foreign-built vessels admitted to American registry under this act.

In other words, this section, as it stands, is as purely an "emergency provision" as the clause in the Bank Act authorizing the Federal Reserve Board, under exceptional conditions, to suspend for a given period "any reserve requirement specified in this act." It must be discussed and accepted on that basis, and not as a permanent solution of the problem of an American merchant marine.

This leaves the question uppermost how far the suspension, by the President, of the provisions which have obstructed recovery of our former position in that field will meet the difficulties of the hour. That it simplifies them, there can be no doubt. But, naturally, any American owner now transferring his ship from foreign to American registry, and any citizen or group of citizens purchasing ships from foreigners, would like to have some assurance of the scope and duration of the immunity proposed. Congress has conveniently dodged that question and placed it on Mr. Wilson's shoulders.

The first test of the practical usefulness of the new bill will arise in the highly complicated problem created by the offer for sale of their embargoed steamers by the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd Companies. Our immediate need of new and large ocean vessels is unquestionable; that need has in fact been created largely by the enforced withdrawal of these very ships from ocean service. The objections of general policy which apply to the raising of

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money here to subscribe for loans of belligerent European states, do not touch this case; for, in buying the German ships, our people would be transacting an ordinary business operation, would be dealing with corporations, not with governments, and would not be directly contributing to the war fund.

The real problems in this matter affect the questions who is to raise the purchase-money; whether these ships, designed as they were primarily for the tourist business, will be economically fitted for the present situation, and what is to be the attitude of Germany's antagonists towards the whole transaction. Meantime, as was to be expected, transfer to the American flag of vessels owned by Americans and in active service, but hitherto under foreign registry, has begun. This was a natural measure to insure their safety on the seas.

THE STATES AND THEIR ROADS.

Wholly unwise as was the Shackleford bill of last winter, proposing the final expenditure of half a billion of Federal money on the post-roads, it indicated two hopeful facts. The first was the great increase of popular interest in the improvement of the 2,200,000 miles of roads in the United States. The second was a new appreciation that our administration of road-building and road maintenance is crying aloud for centralization. As to the former, the Department of Agriculture has just made public some illuminating statistics. Ten years ago all the States combined appropriated less than $2,000,000 for roads. For 1914 they have set aside $43,000,000—an increase of $13,000,000 since 1912 alone; while in 1913 the single State of New York spent $15,531,928, Pennsylvania $4,606,232, and six other States over $1,000,000 each. Local expenditures have likewise grown by leaps and bounds. Whereas in 1904 their total throughout the nation barely topped $75,000,000, in 1913 they were estimated at $166,250,000—raising the whole national outlay for that year above $206,000,000. Rhode Island now lays claim to having improved 58.8 per cent. of her roads; Massachusetts to 51.2 per cent.; Indiana to 42.3 per cent., and Ohio to 33.8 per cent. How much remains to be done is seen in the fact that our aggregate of State-built roads is still less than France's national system. What we have done, moreover, is too largely sectional; more than four-fifths of our total expenditure is made by six Eastern States and two Pacific States. But the outlook is vastly different from that at the opening of the century.

In the country as a whole this growth of expenditure has been accompanied by an undeniable improvement in road administration. The last few years have seen our half-dozen State Highway Commissions grow to twenty-two, with more certain of creation this winter. Only seven States are now without a State highway law; only nine fail to make regular appropriations for road-building; while toll roads have rapidly disappeared, road taxation developed, and the wasteful system of statute labor diminished. The aims of State Highway Commissions are three: to equalize and distribute the burden of road-building; to insure wise outlay, by avoiding such improvement of disconnected roads as has been charged in New York, with the employment of better machinery and engineering skill than small localities can afford; and to classify the State's highways. Many States have learned that all progress depends on laying out a system connecting the large centres for primary attention; a system connecting county seats for secondary attention; and a final system of local roads for mere general supervision. The experience of Ohio, as brought out last winter in the hearing before the House Committee on Good Roads, is typical of the advanced States. Up to 1904 she had groped without a plan, under laws which enabled the rich urban counties, like Cuyahoga, to build excellent roads, but left the rural counties deep in mud. In 1904 the State Highway Department was created, and, after a period of ineffective, because uncoördinated, assistance to the counties, began work in 1911 on an inter-county system. That system, by legislative action based on expert surveys, has been defined as 9,300 miles—11 per cent. of all the State highways—joining all considerable cities. Not until it and a supplementary system of market roads are finished can State funds be used for other stretches.

A wish to stimulate the local action that still maintains three-fourths of our whole expenditure has led many States to adopt measures parallel to that described by Gov. Major of Missouri at the same hearing. In addition to appropriating $15 per mile for the upkeep of a system of county-seat roads, Missouri has recently agreed to expend dollar for dollar with any sum raised by county tax or popular subscription. "The counties," the Governor testified, "need every cent the Legislature can give them, and they are coöperating as fast as they can." Upon this measure real road advancement, in a region where nothing like New York's $12,000 expenditure per mile is yet required, may be based. But useful as such methods may be, they are mainly characteristic of States timid in incurring a vast lump-sum expense. Bolder State Governments will prefer to centralize their expenditures and their schemes of road-building at the same time. New York, with her recent issues of $100,000,000 in fifty-year bonds, has been widely criticised for burdening a future generation with the cost of highways that may well need replacing in five years; but she follows a plan that the imitation of other well-settled and prosperous States is endorsing. Every step towards the gathering-in of local reins from road districts, townships, and counties to the State has spelt improvement; and that gathering-in is immensely assisted by the concentration of funds. A marked addition to the sources of income from taxes and county and State bonds is shown to be provided by the State automobile taxes. In the whole country that source furnished $7,820,895 during 1913. In New York it reached $1,275,727; in Pennsylvania $841,062; and even in Iowa $787,411.

It was to stimulate filling the sad gaps in the American system of roads that the Shackleford measure was advanced; and these gaps may be emphasized without reading in them any argument for a Federal grab-bag of worse possibilities than the rivers and harbors bills. The great States of Kansas and Nebraska have improved, respectively, three-tenths and four-tenths of one per cent. of their roads. Nevada, North and South Dakota, Montana, Oklahoma, and Mississippi have not yet brought to standard one per cent. Illinois, the third State in the Union, with a wealth of agricultural products that should make good country roads the best of investments, has only 9.6 per cent. that are not half-impassable every spring. The swift progress of the last decade is regrettably uneven; and the prospect of a Federal grant, dollar for dollar, would doubtless rouse to interest the most inert of the Western and Southern States. But the creation of State Highway Departments or Highway Commissions, with comprehensive powers, marks the extent to which centralization of direction in road-building should go. There is no economy in Federal supervision of post-roads; there are sound reasons why roads should be built by State, not national, taxation.

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Chronicle of the War

It seems probable that when we write next week we may have to record the progress of a serious general engagement between the German troops and the Allies; whether even then we shall be able to record any definite result appears more doubtful. Up to the present, despite the daily reports of German "routs" and French and Belgian "victories," it is evident that, in comparison with what is to come when the two vast armies shall be really engaged, the battles that have taken place have been the merest skirmishes. We may accept the fact that the Allies have been very generally successful, that is, that they have done what was required and held the German army in check. In numerous outpost engagements, also, they have doubtless scored individual victories. To accept at their face value, however, the official statements issued from Paris and Brussels would be to ignore the facts of the situation. On August 11 the German army in Belgium was around Tongres and St. Trond, its right wing resting on the latter place, that is, about twenty-five miles northwest of Liège. The following day sharp fighting was reported at Haelen, Diest, and Tirlemont, and despite severe reverses at the two former places, by August 17 we hear of German cavalry in the neighborhood of Wavre, fifteen miles southeast of Brussels, and on the following day (Tuesday), we learn that Brussels itself is threatened and that the seat of Government has been moved to Antwerp.

There is nothing startling or alarming for the Allies in the situation. By the time these lines are read it is even possible that Brussels itself may be occupied by German troops. If so, the victory will have been a purely spectacular one, intended for home consumption in Berlin, for the occupation of Brussels is without strategical advantage. The net result, however, of a week's skirmishing shows that the German army of invasion has advanced some twenty-five to thirty miles. This advance is by no means inconsistent with French and Belgian reports of victories, for beyond question the German troops have had to contest every inch of the way and have paid heavily for each step of progress.

We are probably justified in assuming that the German plan of attack was to make a quick and decisive stroke at France through Belgium, and so to crush the enemy on the southwestern frontier before Russia on the northeast was ready to strike. It can hardly be supposed, without holding the intelligence of the German General Staff in very low esteem, that resistance in Belgium was unexpected, but it seems apparent that the resistance encountered has proved very much more effective than had been calculated upon in the German plan of attack. To this extent, then, the French and Belgian troops have met with signal success. Time is probably the most powerful of all the Allies, as it is the most powerful enemy of Germany. The check that the German troops have encountered in Belgium must have been of inestimable value to Russia in giving her time to complete her mobilization, and the crucial moment of the war for Germany may be expected to come when Russia is ready to strike on her northeastern frontier. For the defence of that frontier, Germany has at present available but six army corps (between 300,000 and 400,000 men), in addition to the reserves. Against these Russia will ultimately be able to fling numbers that are almost limitless. The remaining twenty army corps of the German army (about a million men) are all engaged on the long front, of some 250 miles, stretching roughly from Louvain, in Belgium, through Luxemburg, and down through Alsace to the Swiss border. Nothing, it would appear, but a decisive and crushing victory all along this line would enable Germany to release sufficient troops to repulse the general Russian advance, which, if we may credit an announcement in St. Petersburg on Tuesday, was actually begun last Sunday.

In numbers the allied troops opposing the German advance are probably not inferior to the enemy. Considerable mystery has surrounded the movements of the British expeditionary force. Beyond an isolated dispatch two weeks ago telling of the landing of a force of 22,000 in France and the announcement of the arrival of Sir John French, the British commander-in-chief, in Paris on August 14, no news on this point had reached us until Tuesday, when it was officially stated by Lord Kitchener that the British force had landed at French ports. From English papers we know that the force consists of three army corps, making a total of all arms of well over 100,000 men. As we write nothing is known of the disposition of the British troops, and it is probable that nothing will be known until they are reported as in action, but as the situation is at present it seems not unlikely that they may be valuably employed in a flanking movement on the German right.

At the other end of the line, in Alsace, the most definite successes of the Allies have been recorded. On Thursday of last week came reports from German sources that the French advance into that province had been turned back, and that not a French soldier remained on the German side of the frontier. A statement given out by the French War Office on Sunday, however, reported a renewed advance in the Vosges Mountains. The German army corps, which had crossed the frontier into France, was apparently driven back on Saarburg after defeats in the neighborhood of Blamont, Cirey, and Avricourt. Thann, fourteen miles west of Mülhausen, was recaptured by the French, and Schirmeck, twenty-six miles southwest of Strassburg, was occupied on Sunday or Monday after a fight in which, according to the French official statement, 1,000 prisoners, 12 field guns, and 8 rapid-fire guns were taken. It looks as if some importance might be attached to these operations in Alsace. They possibly represent a genuine offensive movement in force to outflank the enemy where he is weak.

Reverting to Belgium, one of the most interesting skirmishes of the past week appears to have been that which took place at Dinant, about fifteen miles due south of Namur, on August 16. It seems to have been a rather more determined attack than most of the outpost affairs, for an artillery duel of some hours preceded the advance of the German infantry. Concerning the strength of the latter, however, we have no information. The attack was repulsed by the forces of the Allies after sharp fighting, and with losses that are admitted to have been severe. The affair has special interest because it may possibly afford an indication of an attempt on the part of the German forces to repeat the tactics used in the war of 1870-71, an attempt to enclose Namur in the same way that Metz was cut off in the previous war. This purpose might well be effected by a southward swing from Charleroi simultaneously with a westward movement from Dinant.

Dispatches concerning the conflict between Austria and Servia have been vague and contradictory. On Saturday a Reuter telegram from Nish, Servia, stated that after incessant bombardment along the entire frontier line of the rivers Save and Danube, the Austrians had forced an entry into Sabac, on the Save, thirty-seven miles west of Belgrade, and into Losnitza, on the river Drina. Subsequent reports from Vienna, by way of Amsterdam, confirmed this dispatch, but from Servian sources on August 16 it was stated that the Austrian forces which had succeeded in crossing the Save had been driven back with heavy loss. On Tuesday a dispatch (dated August 17) from the Servian Premier to the Legation in London was published, stating that the Austrians were completely routed in the mountains near Sabac, with a loss of 15,000 men and fourteen guns.

There are no developments of great importance to record in the naval situation. The movements of the British and German fleets in the North Sea are guarded with absolute secrecy, and presumably the German fleet is still bottled up in the neighborhood of Heligoland. That its offensive power is paralyzed is evident from the fact that commerce has been resumed between England and the Scandinavian countries. On August 12, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, of the British cruiser Suffolk, off the port of New York, announced that the Atlantic Ocean was clear for shipping as far south as Trinidad. In the Adriatic the Austrian fleet is reported to have taken refuge from the combined French and British fleets at Pola. An official statement issued by the British Admiralty declares that the French fleet has made a sweep of the Adriatic Sea as far as Cattaro, and that a small Austrian cruiser has been sunk.

A noteworthy point, which it would be a mistake to emphasize too strongly, as we have accounts from only one side, about the engagements that have taken place in Belgium is the extreme value that aeroplanes appear to have been to the Allies. In this respect, according to the accounts that have come to hand, the French and Belgian armies seem to have been far better served than the German. Aeroplanes played an important part in the fighting around Liège, and time and time again in subsequent encounters of the advance guards of the respective armies we read of their use by the Allies in locating the enemy with remarkable accuracy. The German air scouts appear to have been less fortunate. The French and Belgian scouts seem to have been generally successful in making their reconnoissances and getting back to their own lines unharmed, whereas there have been frequent reports of German aeroplanists being shot or captured. On the face of it it looks as if the special guns used by the French army against aircraft were superior to the corresponding German weapons.

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Foreign Correspondence

ENGLAND AT WAR—PICTURES OF THE SITUATION FROM TWO CORRESPONDENTS—A SOBER SPIRIT.

LONDON, August 7.

By the time these lines reach New York, you will know all about the happenings of the next week or ten days, which we now are endeavoring, so futilely, to forecast. All that I can attempt is to give some account of the effect in London and its neighborhood of the declaration of war and of the attitude and temper of the people.

The extension of the bank holiday for three days was a sagacious and effective move, which met with general approval, notwithstanding the infinite amount of petty, and sometimes ludicrous, inconveniences which it caused. Thousands of well-to-do persons found themselves temporarily penniless under embarrassing circumstances, without being able to replenish their purses. But the compulsory suspension of business—much of which had come already to a standstill—furnished a breathing space for reflection and gave pause to incipient panic. Now the nation at large has had time to pull itself together in a measure, and to give leisurely attention to the action of the Government, which has been prompt and reassuring.

There was no general excitement over Austria's provocative treatment of Servia. The significance of it was not apparent to the multitude. Germany's proclamation of war against Russia brought about an awakening and references to Armageddon. But even then the full seriousness of the crisis was not grasped by the public, until the neutrality of Belgium was threatened and it was realized that the Ministry was almost a unit in making this a *casus belli*. The climax came with Sir Edward Grey's announcement of Great Britain's ultimatum to Germany. At midnight on Tuesday every one knew that England would be in the fight before morning, and the whole atmosphere was electric with suspense.

You will have heard, doubtless, that the crisis was greeted with demonstrations of vociferous patriotism. All the newspapers here—especially those of the halfpenny variety—devoted much space to these ebullitions of popular enthusiasm. It is true that there were large crowds in front of Buckingham Palace, before the Government buildings, in Parliament Street, in Trafalgar Square, and in some other principal centres of traffic. The National Anthem was sung in thunderous choruses, and the King and Queen were cheered again and again when they appeared on the balcony of their private rooms in the palace.

What was really impressive and encouraging to the thoughtful observer—it was the subject of wide comment—was the sober silence which fell upon the entire community the next day. Every intelligent man and woman, the whole social fabric, appeared to labor beneath a load of solemn realization of heavy national responsibility. The holiday makers on the highways vanished as if by magic. In the shops, in the houses, on the sidewalks, there was but one topic of conversation. All faces were grave and all tones hushed. But nowhere was there any sign of discontent, mistrust, or irresolution, least of all of political criticism or of boastfulness.

The approval of the action of the Government was unanimous even in circles where for months it had been the object of the bitterest denunciation. There can be no question that the Cabinet have the solid bulk of the nation behind them. Especially are they commended on all sides for having forestalled Germany in declaring hostilities without waiting to be forced into them and for their foresight in effecting a naval mobilization—while as yet there was no evident need of it—under the guise of summer manœuvres and a review in honor of the King. There is a rumor that this was done on the suggestion of Lord Kitchener.

Now that hostilities have actually begun, the pervasive feeling is one of hopeful confidence, not of arrogant assurance. Much is expected of the fleet, of course, and there is great faith in the strategical ability, resourcefulness, and nerve of Jellicoe, but there is no blinking of the fact that there are terrible possibilities in the German navy. The argument most in favor is that the greater force ought in logic to prevail. But it is to be noted that the mobilization of the land forces here is on a scale that has never been dreamed of before. It is plain that an attempted invasion is not regarded as a mere nightmare. Very little is said about it in the newspapers, but the preparations for land defence in case of marine disaster are extraordinary. Large numbers of police have been drafted from the big cities to take the place of soldiers engaged in semi-civil duties; the utmost energy is displayed in gathering recruits for the regular army, the Territorials, and the various militia organizations.

Time-expired reservists have been recalled to the colors, every postman who has ever done military service has been recalled to the ranks, and the vacant places filled with telegraph boys or qualified boy scouts, and on all sides there are printed appeals to able-bodied men to take up arms. Minor harbors and estuaries are being hastily fortified, seaside villas in the line of gun fire from distant forts have been demolished by the dozen, big guns and wire entanglements have been mounted at all sorts of hitherto unguarded points of the coast, and all the trunk railways are busy day and night in transporting men, stores, and ammunition to the remotest parts of the island.

Commissions have been offered to undergraduates in the universities and the older boys in such military schools as Haileybury; retired officers have been invited to rejoin their old regiments, and naturally are jumping at the opportunity. All age limit for military service has been virtually abandoned, and it is plain that the authorities are straining every nerve to provide an efficient substitute for the expeditionary force which is to go to the relief of Belgium.

No longer is there any apparent disposition to put unbounded confidence in the inviolability of the "silver streak." If it is not altogether certain that there is full justification for Sir Edward Grey's assertion that "we are ready," there is abundant evidence in the rapidity and smoothness with which the arrangements for mobilization are working that the Government has not been caught altogether napping. Meanwhile, there is Kitchener to supervise and drive the machinery, while 'Bobs" is in all councils. One of the happiest features in the whole dismal outlook is the instant, if temporary, reunion of Ireland in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm. It is strange to hear the names of Redmond and Carson linked in terms of glowing admiration.

Already the British public is learning, by unwonted experience, its first practical lessons in the anxieties and inconveniences consequent upon a state of war at the doors, and threatened invasion. It is a melancholy fact that the educated classes, or the classes which are commonly credited with a modicum of education, have been setting a very bad example to those less fortunate than themselves. It might have been supposed that they would perceive that the surest way of promoting a panic is to exhibit signs of it. Of course, they have long been reading doleful prophecies that Great Britain, if engaged in a general war, would inevitably soon feel the pinch of famine; but they ought also to have known—the facts in the case have been long and frequently discussed in the daily press—that at the present juncture she happens to be uncommonly well provisioned.

It has been officially declared that no unusual shortage of food is likely to occur within four to six months, that the harvest is a good one, and that there is no good reason for fearing that the channels of supply from the West will be permanently or seriously interfered with. In any case the very worst and most selfish policy that could be adopted by intelligent, moneyed, and patriotic citizens would be to create a run upon the provision market and to monopolize the stores in hand. And yet in the first few days of perturbation this was just the course of action which they adopted. On all sides the substantial householders—there were honorable exceptions—proceeded to accumulate all the food they could lay their hands on. I know of several instances in my own suburban neighborhood of rich folk ordering one hundred pounds' worth of meats, flour, and groceries. Naturally, in a few hours, the retailers were utterly unable to meet the demands made upon them. Of course, they, one and all, raised their prices, and the laboring folk had to pay more or go without. Fortunately, the evil was so acute and flagrant that to a certain extent it remedied itself. The big middlemen, unable to fill their orders, closed their stores, and the smaller men refused to sell except for ready cash. Then the newspaprs raised an outcry, and the Government promptly took the matter in hand.

Much mischief has been done, but the situation is easier, and there are signs that the offenders are beginning to recover their senses. Greedy retailers, who reaped rich harvests for a day or two, are already discovering that they have lost many of their best customers. But in two or three days the cost of living jumped up about 20 per cent., and it will be some time before it will fall to its previous level. The action of the Cabinet in promising to insure cargoes of grain and meat is received with universal approbation.

Doubtless the cable has informed you of the exciting times in the Atlantic steamship offices. I need not, therefore, dilate upon them. The withdrawal of the German liners has brought an influx of stranded Americans into the steamship quarter adjoining Trafalgar Square. Many tourists, short of funds and with useless tickets, are in perilous condition. There is not a vacant berth to be had for many weeks on any boat carrying the American flag and all the English Atlantic boats are equally full. Then there is the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that many of the fastest British steam-

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ers will be commandeered by the Government for the expeditionary force. What will be done with their passengers no one can even guess as yet. Moreover, there is the possible chance of a big British defeat in the North Sea and a consequent irruption of German cruisers into the Atlantic. It is not necessary to anticipate trouble, but nevertheless it is not absolutely certain that the faith of the English in their ability to guard the Atlantic trade routes will be justified by the event. Just now the American flag is a very precious possession on the high seas.

J. Ranken Towse.

London, August 5.

The middle of last week found me holidaying at a quiet village on the coast of Devonshire. I had often seen, passing the cottage where I was staying, two or three trim young fellows in coast-guard uniform, cycling two or three times a day between their homes in the village and the look-out station. On Friday morning the local gossips were all agog with the news that these men had been called off to Devonport to join the naval reserve. Similar demands had been made on all the other coast-guard staffs in the neighborhood, and the look-out stations themselves had been left in the care of the women.

Travelling back to London later in the day, I saw and heard few other indications that anything unusual was afoot. I could get nothing to eat on the journey, and when I reached Paddington there was a long delay through the difficulty of getting a porter. But that was another story. It happened to be the second day of a two days' strike of the Great Western restaurant-car staff. Many of the other railway servants had struck sympathetically—not, like the dining-car men, by going out, but by staying in. Their scheme was a curious one, and had an element of the humorous in it, if one's personal inconveniences were not annoying enough to blunt one's appreciation of a joke. Their policy was to give the railway company trouble by working strictly according to the official rules.

There is a rule, for instance, forbidding "flying shunts." This means that carriages must not be coupled up while they are in motion, but the men must wait until each succeeding car has come to an absolute standstill. But the "flying shunt," dangerous as it is, takes place many times daily, or the work never would be done in the required time. On Friday, however, every car was brought to a dead stop before the next was coupled, with the result that the process took twice as long as usual.

Again, when a railway servant supplies a train with water or attends to the lamps, he is accustomed to jump from the top of one car to the next. The rules prescribe that his duty is to descend the steps, walk to the next car, and then climb up again. These instructions were scrupulously followed on Friday. In consequence of all this unprecedented obedience to orders, big excursion trains for the west of England started from the London terminal as much as an hour and a half late.

A palpable sign of the times this morning is the decrease in the size of several of the London daily papers. Journals which usually issue twelve or sixteen pages are today content with eight. No readers want anything but war news, and of even war rumors there is yet only a limited supply. A large part of the decrease is clearly attributable to the great and sudden falling off in advertisements. Clothing manufacturers are calling attention to their "Active Service Kits," but other business houses are cautious about spending money in appeals to a public that is being urged on all hands to economize. Perhaps, too, the need for economy is impressing newspaper proprietors themselves with the desirability of cutting down their costs of production.

Many English visitors to the Channel Islands have found amusement at the extreme frugality of the inhabitants, who often make use of the front gardens of their villas for the growing of potatoes and other marketable produce. It is possible, however, that this example may now be followed at home. The secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society writes to the papers this morning to suggest that, in view of future needs, the smallest plots of ground should be planted with such food plants as it is possible to sow at this season. *Turnips, beets, carrots, and onions* are especially recommended. Farmers, too, are advised not to leave vacant any land that might profitably be used in this manner.

There is a saying among Englishmen that if you were to stand beneath the big clock at Charing Cross railway station for five years you would meet all your friends. Any American with a wide circle of acquaintances among his compatriots might have met a good many of them by taking up his position there for only the last three days.

One of the notice-boards at this station has been giving eloquent testimony of the condition in which many of these refugees made their flight across the Channel. It is the board which publishes bulletins, usually quite insignificant, about the incoming boat trains from Dover and Folkestone—how many passengers they are carrying, whether they are running late, and so on. Yesterday evening the notice relating to the boat from Ostend had these items: "Passengers, 686; luggage, number of pieces, 206." More than three passengers to every single piece of baggage! When one thinks of the normal equipment for a Continental tour, it is clear that many of these unlucky travellers must have realized more vividly than ever before why the Romans called baggage "impedimenta." As soon as the train came in, the impression made by the notice-board was deepened as one observed how quickly the arrival platform cleared—such a large proportion needing no assistance from porters, but pouring through the barriers at once with nothing but light bags in their hands.

It would seem incredible that as late as yesterday there could be any nook or corner of Great Britain into which a knowledge of the crisis had not yet penetrated. Last night, however, a friend of mine discovered such a refuge from the turmoil. He thought of a widow lady of his acquaintance, a woman of education living with her daughter in a suburban home not eight miles from Hyde Park Corner.

Remembering that she was of a somewhat nervous temperament and had no men folk to talk things over with, he thought it would be a kindness to call and reassure her against any tendency to panic about food supplies, and so on. To his surprise he found her perfectly calm. His surprise became amazement when he learned that she was unaware that anything was happening out of the common! She had heard somehow that there was trouble somewhere in Europe between two of the Powers, but did not know which.

H. W. H.

A Duke Among the Wits

PART TWO:—THE PROFESSION OF WIT, ITS ORIGINS AND KINDS; WHARTON AMONG THE WITS OF TWICKENHAM.

IV.

We have followed the crooked course of Philip Duke of Wharton in politics and religion; but it is not for these things we remember him now. The wandering court of James knew too many of his kind to allow him any distinction in these things. He is remembered rather as a lord among the wits, and for his few years at Twickenham. And what, we ask, had he to do in that galley?

Now, the wits were not a new folk. Their progenitors had come up to London from the universities in the days of Queen Elizabeth, attracted thither by the playhouses, and bringing with them a plentiful baggage of genius with a small portion of learning. How they lived, and roystered, and peopled English literature with their visionary creations, we know from the stories of Marlowe and Greene and their fellows. The later drama found its material in their descendants, the merry rogues who used their "understanding, travel, reading, wit," as money in the purse for buying the joys of the town. "Means?" exclaims one of Fletcher's delightful rascals; "why, all good men's my means. My wit's my plough, the town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house, and all the world knows there's no want. All gentlemen that love society, love me; all purses that wit and pleasure opens, are my tenants; every man's clothes fit me." And the genius of the dramatist was like the life of his hero; it was not "wit without money," but it was without principle and without rule save the law of abundant, irresistible vitality:

As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature.

The tradition was carried on by the writers of the Restoration, but with a difference. The new wits fall into two pretty well defined classes, united, however, by the irresponsibility and immorality which they inherit in common from their ancestors. In the one class are the initiates of the court, who employ their genius, not, as Fletcher did, in the service of a rollicking full-blooded life and indiscriminate emotions, but for the creation of a world of artificial exclusions. Here every jest is an intended rapier-thrust at the conventions of respectable society, laughter is a sneer, and pity a miracle. These men refined the license of Fletcher into a philosophy of licentiousness. In the other class were those who wallowed in what Swift called the "thick sediment of slime and mud" at the bottom of Helicon; the scurrilous creatures of whom it was said by the "facetious" Tom Brown, their proper spokesman: "Our wit, generally speaking, is debauched." These men did not stab virtue, but merely bespattered it. Reading Tom Brown and his like, one gets the notion that

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wit is a convention in which scandal, drunkenness, and lechery take the place of faith, hope, and charity—but the greatest of these is scandal. He and his fellows introduced one element at least which was to be almost constant with the followers of the new school—"the faithful attendant of wit, ill-nature," as Walpole named it, echoing the sentiment of Butler, that "there is nothing that provokes and sharpens wit like malice."

In the case of a man like Brown this ill-nature was a mere wantonness; he belonged to the diseased beings who were afterwards described by a writer in the journal *Grub Street:* "The morsure of these worms, which we call wit-worms, are much of the nature of the biting of mad dogs: which makes the afflicted follow their noses directly, and snap at everybody they meet." There was something else needed to give this malice the true ring of the wit of Twickenham, something which had already been brought to the devil's brew by contemporaries of Fletcher who had not genius enough to preserve their names in literature. In the preface to the collected edition of the "Memoirs of the Society of Grub-Street" it is said that the original members of that fraternity were a set of writers "who, for the cheapness and obscurity of lodgings, resided in Grub Street, in the seditious times of King Charles I, and from their garrets and cellars dispersed those false reports and reasonings which were very instrumental in stirring up the people at last to a rebellion." So important was this ingredient of politics that these "Grubeans," despite the oblivion that has overtaken most of them, have some claim to be regarded as the true begetters of wit, as the word came to be used with a very specific meaning. But they did not long maintain their monopoly. It was Butler who turned the tables with a vengeance against the rebels of Church and State, transmuting politics into literature. But the author of "Hudibras," if not a rebel, was ribald, and there were some honest folk who sighed to see all the wit of the world running atilt from every angle against the decencies of life. So, in one of his sermons, "Against Foolish Talking and Jesting"—it is really a delightful literary essay—we find Barrow calling on the men of virtue to take possession of the "lepid way":

> It is wit that wageth the war against reason, against virtue, against religion; wit alone it is that perverteth so many, and so greatly corrupteth the world; it may therefore be needful, in our warfare for those dearest concerns, to sort the manner of our fighting with that of our adversaries, and with the same kind of arms to protect goodness whereby they do assail it. If wit may happily serve under the banner of truth and virtue, we may impress it for that service; and good it were to rescue so worthy a faculty from so vile abuse.

V.

The lesson was heeded. Presently came my Lord Shaftesbury, who would purge wit of its grosser humors and elevate it into an elegant philosophy. Henceforth laughter was to be your only syllogism, and the ability to endure ridicule was to be the supreme test of truth and virtue. So far Barrow might have followed the fulfilment of his prayer, with dubitation perhaps, yet without indignation. But the criterion was to be applied also to enthusiasms and to any departure from the calm self-sufficiency of gentility with results which would have disgusted Barrow as much as they did actually alarm the later opponents of a genteel Deism, from John Leland, and Thomas Brown (not the scurrilous "Tom"), and Dr. Warburton, down to Cardinal Newman. It may be worth while to stop long enough to read a few sentences from Leland's criticism, written when the war of the wits was pretty well over, and time had come to take account of the dead and dying. His words have considerable historical interest, and are, indeed, not without some meaning for those of us to-day who like to make "humor" the test of all virtues in life and literature:

> He not only expressly calls ridicule a test, and a criterion of truth, but declares for applying it to everything, and in all cases. . . . And though he doth not approve the seeking to raise a laugh for everything, yet he thinks it right to seek in everything what justly may be laughed at. He declares, that "he hardly cares so much as to think on the subject of religion, much less to write on it, without endeavoring to put himself in as good humor as possible," *i. e.*, treating it, as he himself expresses it, in a way of wit and raillery, pleasantry and mirth. . . .
>
> The best and wisest men in all ages have always recommended a calm attention and sobriety of mind, a cool and impartial examination and inquiry, as the properest disposition for finding out truth and judging concerning it. But according to his Lordship's representation of the case, those that apply themselves to the searching out truth, or judging what is really true, serious, and excellent, must endeavor to put themselves in a merry humor, to raise up a gayety of spirit, and seek whether in the object they are examining they cannot find out something that may be justly laughed at. And it is great odds, that a man who is thus disposed will find out something fit, as he imagines, to excite his mirth, in the most serious and important subject in the world. Such a temper is so far from being an help to a fair and unprejudiced inquiry, that it is one of the greatest hindrances to it. A strong turn to ridicule hath a tendency to disqualify a man for cool and sedate reflection, and to render him impatient of the pains that is necessary to a rational and deliberate search.

Such were the elements which entered into the dizzy game of wit when stout Queen Anne gave her name to English literature. It was a field of battle—a kind of general tournament, like the "gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby," described by Scott in "Ivanhoe," wherein the combatants were divided into two main parties, but in such a way as to leave each knight pretty free to follow his own personal feud. Now, politics seemed to make the grand division in the Battle of the Books, when Whig and Tory joined in a mighty mêlée; but at other times politics was lost to sight in the natural antipathy of genius and dulness, or even of virtue and vice. And at the end reputations lay dead and dying about the trenches at Twickenham like the bodies on any well-fought *champ de bataille.* What carried such a man as Wharton, a peer of the realm, to whom a great career in Parliament was open, into this medley? Well, mere idleness and force of imitation, in large part. "If it were not for a rainy day," says Swift, "a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning—but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt, the number of authors and of writers would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold." Most of these causes were magnificently operative with the Duke of Wharton, and he had also as mad a lust of praise as any of "great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers."

VI.

He had commenced author, to use the contemporary idiom, at a tender age, and had continued on occasion to indite lampoons and ballads which, for the most part, are rather above the average scribbling of the day. One of his ballads, which Mr. Melville signalizes as his "most noteworthy literary composition," is in fact a capital piece of fun, as may be guessed from the opening and closing stanzas:

> God prosper long from being broke
> The Luck of Eden-Hall,*
> A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
> There lately did befall.
>
> To chase the spleen with cup and can
> Duke Philip took his way,
> Babes yet unborn shall never see
> The like of such a day.
>
> The stout and ever-thirsty Duke
> A vow to God did make
> His pleasure within Cumberland
> Three live-long nights to take.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thus did this dire contention end;
> And each man of the slain
> Were quickly carried off to bed,
> Their senses to regain.
>
> God bless the King, the Duchess fat,
> And keep the land in peace;
> And grant that drunkenness henceforth
> 'Mong noblemen may cease.
>
> And likewise bless our royal prince,
> The nation's other hope;
> And give us grace for to defy
> The Devil and the Pope.

Wharton had also played his part as patron, notably in the case of Young, who repaid the generosity by cancelling a fulsome dedication when his benefactor was an exile and by preaching the morals of the

*Referring to a famous cup at the home of his cousin, Sir Christopher Musgrave, the breaking of which was to foretell the fall of the house.

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"Night Thoughts" at him. Such was the Duke's "constant bounty which no friend has made." It is something in the annals of literature to have furnished the model for Young's Lorenzo—not to mention Richardson's Lovelace, if we may believe Anna Seward.

It was something also to have associated his name with the select band who were fighting the battle against dulness from the headquarters of Pope and Mary Wortley Montagu at Twickenham. In 1722 Wharton leased "The Grove," which lay about a quarter of a mile from Pope's villa, and here he made his home until he left England never to return. In these years he entered the arena definitely as a political pamphleteer by managing and in part writing the *True Briton*, a semi-weekly journal, which purposed ostensibly "to animate every honest mind to lay aside those Party Resentments, which, in time, must end in the Ruin of this Island," but which seemed to the Government so far from impartiality that they suppressed it after the seventy-fourth issue. Now, too, he appears to have been most furiously engaged in the social contest. And with what desperate earnestness the game was played we may gather from a chance remark of Horace Walpole's on Lady Stafford, who, as daughter of the Comte de Grammont and "La Belle Hamilton," was by birth an heiress of the world's wit. "She used to live at Twickenham when Mary Wortley and the Duke of Wharton lived there too," he writes; "she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago? —I think anything but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, 'Well, child, I have come without my wit to-day'; that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment to be in particular spirits."

Naturally, the Duke's activities in this noble sport were not pent up in a country village, and, in February, 1724, Lady Mary, sending the news of London to her sister, tells of a band of "twenty very pretty fellows" who called themselves the "Schemers," and met regularly three times a week to consult with Wharton as a "committee of gallantry." "'Tis true," she adds, "they have the envy and curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all old women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning." But Twickenham was the centre of the hottest fighting, and Lady Mary had good reason for knowing the Duke's prowess as a "Schemer." It was even hinted that hers was the attraction that lured him thither, and Lady Mary herself declared that Pope's jealousy of Wharton was the cause of her quarrel with the wicked wasp. Whether that charge is true or not—probably literary jealousy had more to do with the quarrel than amatory—the marriage of gallantry and wit ran no smooth course with the Lady and the Peer. Indeed, the lady had good reason for resentment. When she wrote a set of melting verses on the death of a young bride, the Duke parodied them with a bit of insulting scurrility which shows only too plainly the savage grossness underlying the polish even of the Olympians. That was bad enough, but the outrage became intolerable when the Duke amused himself at her expense with one of the common practical jokes of the day. Lady Mary tells the story in a letter to her sister:

> Sophia [the Duke] and I have an immortal quarrel; which though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to: Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written; . . . and Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to pique the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse.

It needed a strong man to play the game of wit in that fashion, and it is not hard to understand why life at Twickenham, and indeed in England, should have become impossible for Wharton, even apart from his political vagaries. A few months after the placable letter just cited, Lady Mary is again writing of her gallant rival:

> Sophia is going to Aix la Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. . . . We are broke to an irremediable degree. Various are the persecutions I have endured from him this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to heaven from the passive meekness of my temper.

So the Duke of Wharton passes out of the literary life of England. The meekness of Lady Mary—others had a different name for it—endured the strain for fourteen more years, and then she, too, partly by the venom of Pope's satire, was driven from the land; both Peer and Lady lost in the battle where the little captain of Twickenham was wielding his "terrible swift sword." But neither was the victory long. The year after Lady Mary's exit the wife of another Edward Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth, is gossiping thus to a friend: "Lady Shadwell saw Lady Mary Wortley at Venice, where she now resides, and asked her what made her leave England; she told them the reason was, people were grown so stupid she could not endure their company, all England was infected with dulness." The writer adds charitably that by "dulness" the exile meant her husband, whom she had abandoned. That gentleman was dull enough and mean enough, in all conscience, to afford his wife excuse for such a synonym; but when one thinks of the change from Lady Mary to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, and of the difference between the society that fought and bled at Twickenham and the insipid circle that purred about the "Queen of the Blue-Stockings," one is inclined to believe the Lady meant precisely what she said. The twilight of the wits was come:

> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal Darkness buries All.

P. E. M.

Books and Men

THE EPHEMERÆ OF WAR.

If laws are silent during the clash of arms, how still must letters be! When the face of the earth is undergoing change, when the nations' armies confront one another along a line estimated at any length up to three hundred miles, when there is no seaport so lowly, no summer resort so humble, that it cannot indulge in the luxury of hearing "heavy firing" at least once a day, when the long-drawn and terrible cry of "Wextra!" (for "Wuxtry" is a myth) comes bellowing down the street at intervals of half an hour —when all these things are happening, who cares to read of books? However much you would like to do so, to steep yourself in literary calm is beyond your power.

What books can you read or discuss, without having your mind brought back to the one great and terrible subject? Shakespeare? His pages are full of alarums and excursions —"Once more unto the breach, dear friends!" is recalled to your memory, and you pause to reflect that the besiegers and besieged of Harfleur are now fighting side by side. Thackeray? You must not open "Vanity Fair," or you will hear the guns of Waterloo, as Waterloo itself is hearing them again. As for Kipling—

> The earth is full of anger,
> The seas are dark with wrath;
> The Nations in their harness
> Go up against our path!

If you shrink back to the classics, even there you are not safe. For, as Mr. Don Marquis has pointed out, you cannot read a page of Cæsar's Commentaries without being reminded that: *Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ . . . proximique sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolunt, quibuscum continenter bellum gerunt.*

What literature has the war itself produced? The Poet Laureate has written a poem, and Mr. Stephen Phillips has written a much better one about the defence of Liège. Mr. Alfred Noyes has abandoned his pacific attitude, and, in verse, commended England's war. Mr. William Watson upbraids the Kaiser in a really powerful sonnet, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who is certainly not a jingo, rejoices (in vigorous prose) at the coming downfall of "Krupp worship, flag-wagging, and all the sham efficiency which centres at Berlin." Mr. Henry Newbolt's solemn invocation to England in the *Times* is the finest of the occasional poems I have yet seen. And Mr. Bernard Shaw hastens to strip away any illusion of patriotism or nobility from England's or any other country's share in the conflict, and to nerve his fellow-citizens for the test by reminding them again that he holds them to be hypocrites.

Behind the veil of censorship how many books are making! Now we get confused reports of battles that turn out to be skirmishes, and rumors of battles that may be

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very real indeed. It will be months before we can know. Nations that hold dominion over palm and pine cannot go to war without sending the echoes of their thunder to the uttermost parts of the earth. And stranger, more appealing to the imagination than all, is that great fleet which moved silently away, and has disappeared into the North Sea, where it remains to guard the liberty of Europe, as its predecessor, more than a century ago, stood guard against the war-lord of that day.

Here, we have aroused a newspaper controversy. At the beginning of the war even the sensational papers could not keep ahead of the real events. The facts were exciting enough, without embroidery. It shows how hardened we are, in a few weeks, to news that two months ago would have agitated the world: England declares war on Austria, and in the tumult of battle news the event is hardly noticed. Japan's threat to Germany is thought worthy of as much space as a cavalry skirmish.

There was, at the outset of the disturbance, no indication in the American newspapers of any hostility towards Germany. The Kaiser was hailed as the man who might make peace. When the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia became better known, and when it was seen that Germany was backing Austria in a course that led straight to war, the belief in Wilhelm II as a peace-maker wavered. His invasion of Belgium swept away all doubts, and created an aversion that found expression in speech, in editorial articles, and in cartoons. Germans might call Russia "barbarous," France "revengeful," and England "jealous," and they could, to some degree, as current slang goes, "get away with it." But the spectacle of the nation which has kept Europe for forty years resounding to the tramp of her big boots and the rattle of her sabre, now engaged in cutting her way through the bodies of the Belgians—this was revolting to all but Kaiser worshippers.

These, asserting that there exists a conspiracy against Germany in the American press, have issued the *Fatherland*, a weekly, "devoted to fair play for Germany and Austria." Its cover represents two club-like sceptres crossed on a field of red. The German eagle, the two-headed eagle of Austria, and the American eagle are also displayed. (What the devil does the American in that galley?) The *Fatherland* is all that is to be expected of a war-time periodical. Opening with a poem to "Wilhelm II, *Prince of Peace*," by Mr. G. S. Viereck, in which the monarch is called on to smite nearly every one, but especially the Czar, France ("the harlot of the world"), and England ("the serpent of the sea"), the new magazine lays about itself right lustily, and hits every head in sight. So far, it is America's only special contribution to the literature of the war, but it has made one mistake. It deals in English, not German, mustard.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

A PAMPHLET ERRONEOUSLY ATTRIBUTED TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In August, 1772, there appeared in London a pamphlet of sixty-one pages with the title: "Report of the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, on the Petition of the Honorable Thomas Walpole and his Associates, for a Grant of Land on the River Ohio in North America, with Observations on, and Answers to, the foregoing Report." The usual history of this pamphlet, which may be found in any edition of Franklin's works, under the title of "Settlement on the Ohio River," is as follows: In 1769 there was formed a company of Americans and Englishmen for the purpose of purchasing land on the Ohio. The name of the most distinguished financier of the association, Thomas Walpole, was given to the company, which in the end determined to petition for sufficient land to found a colony to be called Vandalia. This plan was opposed by Lord Hillsborough, the Secretary for the Colonies, who with the Board of Trade drew up the unfavorable report printed in the above-named pamphlet, and this would naturally have put an end to the plan of the company, had not Dr. Franklin written such an answer that the Privy Council was convinced of the value of the proposed settlement. The rest of the story is based on the account of the pamphlet which was printed by Almon in his "Biographical, Literary and Political Anecdotes of Several of the most eminent Persons of the Present Age" (London, 1797, Vol. II, 303). The passage is worth quoting:

> Lord Hillsborough was so much offended by the decision of the Privy Council, that he resigned upon it. He resigned for that reason only. He had conceived an idea, and was forming a plan, of a boundry line to be drawn from the Hudson River to the Mississippi River, and thereby confineing the British Colonies between that line and the Ocean, similar to the scheme of the French after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which brought on the War of 1756. His favorite project being thus defeated, he quitted the ministry. Dr. Franklin's answer to the Board of Trade was intended to have been published; but Lord Hillsborough resigning, Dr. Franklin stopped the sale on the morning of the publication, when not above *five* copies had been disposed of.

The most significant points in the story are that this pamphlet was written by Franklin and that its appearance defeated a well-developed western colonial policy of the Secretary for the Colonies, who in his chagrin at his defeat resigned. The pamphlet has become, therefore, of more than literary interest, for its appearance has been connected with the innermost workings of the British Ministry. Thus is history written. The truth is that the pamphlet was not written by Benjamin Franklin, that Hillsborough had determined to resign several weeks before the pamphlet was published, and that its presentation of arguments in favor of settlements west of the Alleghanies had no influence of any moment upon the decision of the British Government.

The true originator and organizer of the Walpole Company was a Philadelphian Quaker, Samuel Wharton, a member of the firm of Baynton, Wharton & Morgan, Indian traders and land speculators. In the autumn of 1768 this wily schemer was sent to London by a company of merchants who had suffered from the depredations of the Indians at the outbreak of the Pontiac Conspiracy to obtain from the British Government consent to a tract of land ceded as a compensation by the Indians. Shortly after his arrival he was received favorably in both financial and political circles, for he was recognized as a man well-informed on American affairs, and London at the time was looking for opportunities to speculate in colonial lands.

The steps by which Wharton built up the company are not known; but from the results certain facts of importance can be inferred. His first associates were found undoubtedly among financial circles, such as Thomas, Richard, and Robert Walpole, Moses, Naptoli, and John Franks. To these he added certain important names among the colonists, as Sir William Johnson, Benjamin Franklin, Sir William Franklin, Joseph Galloway, and the agents of the colonies were represented in the persons of Grey Cooper and Richard Jackson.

The Quaker politician, however, knew that other influences besides financial were needed to get his plan through the Ministry, so he added to his company some of the powerful under secretaries of the departments; Thomas Bradshaw, who exercised great influence with the Duke of Grafton, the head of the Ministry, was soon brought in, as were the crafty John Robinson and Robert Wood, both under secretaries of the Treasury.

The influence of the Walpoles naturally led the company to seek support from the Grenville faction, which at the moment was in opposition, but which was so soon to be taken into the Ministry. Their recruit from this quarter was no less a person than George Grenville himself, whose share was represented, after his death, by his brother, Earl Temple. The first representative of the Ministry to join was Lord Camden; and a great friend of the King, the Earl of Hertford, needy of pocketbook, lent his influence for a share. Such were a few of the fifty names in the list of the company which lies before me.

From the very first negotiations with the Ministry the leadership in the company was in the hands of Samuel Wharton, a position he maintained until all hope of obtaining the grant was lost through the outbreak of the American Revolution. At first everything moved smoothly. It was at Lord Hillsborough's suggestion that the company determined to ask for sufficient land to form a new colony. Lord Hillsborough later explained that his advice was given in the expectation that the Board of Treasury would place such a price on the grant that the company could not afford to make the purchase; but the price was set at the moderate sum of £10,000, so that the Secretary for the Colonies was obliged to find other means of preventing the establishment of the western colony.

His next move was to arouse the colony of Virginia, which would be shut off entirely on the west by the new colony. The Virginians, such as George Washington, Patrick Henry, the Lees, and others interested in land speculation, were naturally aroused by the danger, and they found in their new Governor, Lord Dunmore, an appointee of Hillsborough's, a ready ally; but all they were able to accomplish was of no immediate avail, for changes in the British Ministry made that body more favorably disposed to the colonial project.

In the beginning of the year, 1770, Lord North became the leader of the Ministry; and during the course of the year, after the death of George Grenville, several of his faithful followers were brought into the ministerial cir-

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cle, which was now composed principally of three factions, the King's friends, to which faction Lord North and Lord Hillsborough belonged, the Bedford faction, and the former followers of Grenville.

Historians have been inclined to think of Lord North's Ministry as being exceptionally united through its loyalty to George III; but this was far from being the case. The Bedfordites—and they had always been supported by the followers of Grenville—were never satisfied with a subordinate position and had never been on the best of terms with the King's faction. They, therefore, watched their opportunity to overthrow Lord North. The best account of the ministerial intrigue, which was to place the project of the Vandalia colony nearer a realization and to call forth the pamphlet under consideration, is to be found in a paper written by William Knox, Under Secretary in the Colonial Office and faithful follower of Lord Hillsborough, and this narrative supported by other testimony is the basis for the following account:

The Colonial Secretary's opposition to the erection of a western colony was sufficient to prevent further steps being taken in the matter. It was, therefore, necessary to obtain more powerful influences than were yet engaged. The votes of the Bedford faction would be sufficient, and Samuel Wharton bought this faction by giving shares in the company to the Earl of Rockford, Southern Secretary and Lord Gower, President of the Council. There were, however, other reasons than financial—weighty as this was in the case of Lord Rockford—for their acceptance of the shares. An opportunity to overturn Lord North lay in the situation. Hillsborough was North's right-hand man, and the resignation of the former was likely to bring about that of the latter, in which case Lord Gower would probably be made first Minister. George III, who had always been anxious to justify the Treaty of 1763 by the development of Western America, was easily induced to interest himself and to get word to Hillsborough that he desired a report on the Vandalia plan.

It was then that Lord Hillsborough came out boldly in opposition to the colony, declaring that he would resign in case his policy was overthrown. He tried to persuade Lord North to take active steps, but the latter found that nothing could be done in the face of the King's attitude, and not caring to make Hillsborough's cause his own offered no opposition to the Bedford cabal. The unfavorable report of the Board of Trade was drawn up under Hillsborough and repeated the well-worn arguments against inland colonies. It was a perfunctory performance, because everybody knew what the outcome was to be. "When the report came down to the Council," writes William Knox, "Lord Gower declared he should be open to evidence against it, and Wharton was allowed to have a copy, and to make and print observations on it, before it was considered." These observations written by Wharton are those universally attributed to Franklin. As the majority of the Cabinet had decided how to vote, they were easily convinced by Wharton's arguments and determined to advise the King that the grant ought to take place. In accordance with the programme, Lord Hillsborough resigned, but the Bedford cabal gained nothing by this, for Lord North's interest with the King was sufficient to bring about the appointment of a personal friend, Lord Dartmouth, to the vacant position.

C. W. ALVORD.

Correspondence

THE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems incredible that any such impression as is set forth in the letter of your Paris correspondent, published in the *Nation* of August 6, should have been created by the Mohonk Conferences. The Conference never accepted Mr. E. D. Morel's book, "Morocco in Diplomacy," in any way. The Conference assumes no responsibility for the papers which are presented by speakers, and certainly not for the details of those papers. It is essentially a *conference,* and wide freedom is given to speakers, who often represent the greatest possible divergence of view. At the close of each Conference a platform is adopted, nearly always unanimously, which invariably is conservative in the extreme. Many statements of individual speakers go unchallenged for lack of time, and many more because they are so obviously personal or partisan as to require no comment from a body which seeks to offer a forum for temperate presentation of fact and opinion rather than for the debate of matters of divergent opinion.

No one thoroughly conversant with the Mohonk Conferences can fail to appreciate the sanity and catholicity which has from the beginning characterized them.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

Keene Valley, N. Y., August 8.

THE "ANTI-GERMAN" PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The haste in which the Powers of Europe have rushed to arms is exceeded only by the haste in which the anti-German press of America is seeking to place the blame for the commencement of hostilities. Indeed, the *Nation* of August 6 has fixed the responsibility of the whole affair upon the German Kaiser, not only before the determining facts are at hand, but in spite of the fact that all reports thus far, as everybody knows, have come almost entirely from Germany's enemies.

Every lover of peace will share with the *Nation* its abhorrence of war, but to place the blame at this time upon any one nation is to forget or ignore the most patent facts of history, and to disregard the motives and conditions that have brought upon the world the present deplorable catastrophe. The whole argument of the *Nation,* in common with the stock argument against Germany, is based upon two assumptions, both of which are unwarranted: It is assumed that England, in her dealings with other Powers, has been actuated by unimpeachable motives, or at least by motives more just than those of Germany, and that therefore her conduct should be regarded as a criterion from which to judge the motives and conduct of that nation. In the second place, to carry the argument of the *Nation* to its logical conclusion, it assumes that English civilization is superior to that of Germany, and therefore contemplates with alarm the triumph of German arms and the establishment of Germany to a position of power and influence equal to that of England. In other words, Germany must not grow, even in the peaceful arts, to a dominant position in Europe, for the criticism of Germany on the ground of its numerous battleships cannot be justified without twice condemning England with a fleet nearly twice as large.

It is high time that some of England's apologists should give reasons why she should be arbiter of Europe. What assurance had Germany in the present crisis that England was not playing her old game of setting one state against another; of forming unholy alliances, not for the peace of Europe, but for her own gain? By what facts of history or by what process of reasoning are we to conclude that the official England of to-day is not the same England that violated the treaty of 1783, and sent an insolent note to the State Department concerning the Trent affair during the most critical period of American history, while sons of Germany were fighting by thousands for human freedom in the army of the North; or the same England which more recently united with Russia to depose an American financier from the government of Persia, to prevent that struggling state from winning its independence? Does memory not reach back to England's manipulation of Balkan diplomacy to its own interest, regardless of the sacrifice of life, or to the more proximate fact that she was the first to recognize Huerta, to the embarrassment of our own Administration?

The *Nation* virtually admits that France drew Germany into the conflict (p. 148), relying upon England for support in accordance with the *entente cordiale*—which agreement, be it remembered, was directed against Germany, while the Triple Alliance was not directed against any particular Power. In view of this fact, it is difficult to see how Germany could well have prevented what you call a "challenge to England." Again, in accusing Germany of violating Belgian neutrality, you disregard the fact that the British Foreign Office had previously laid down terms to Germany restraining her from operating in the Baltic against Russia, and against France on its north coast. There are also reports to the effect that Belgian neutrality was violated openly by France and England. Time alone will determine the truth or falsity of some of these reports, and until that is determined the principle of neutrality might well be adopted by the American press. Besides, too much is made of the mere fact as to who *first* violated Belgian neutrality. When threats are made on every side, when scouting parties cross border lines, when ships of commerce are being mounted, fleets ordered home or to port, and armies mobilized—fleets and armies that have been building for but one purpose for a quarter of a century—it is idle to ask, for it matters little, who first threw off the mask.

So far as England and Germany are concerned, the causes of their difference are easily explained. The crime of Germany, decreed by England as such, lay in its growth and prosperity during the last two decades. This growth first aroused the jealousy of England—for Germany had nothing to be jealous of—when she found her trade and commerce slipping away from her and passing into other hands. As envy begets envy, it acted and reacted on both sides of the Channel; was fanned into flame by a thousand incidents, great and small, from the Cabinets and cafés of London and Berlin, until the masses came to believe there was a real grievance to be righted. It is a sad commentary upon the statesmanship of both

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Germany and England that the delusion of different interests for each nation was not dispelled. It is more unfortunate still that the large nations of western Europe should believe that battleships are a necessary concomitant to industrial and commercial development when exactly the reverse is true; but here again England is at fault for setting the example, for if armaments are to decide the cause of one nation, other competing nations must adopt the same methods, and there was nothing left for Germany but to follow England or maintain a position of inferiority. England felt that Germany was following too close, and the result, whatever may have been the immediate cause of hostilities, is before us, with all the ghastly horrors of militarism. Since the final outcome, however, may mean either Slav or Teuton supremacy in western Europe, it is difficult to see why Americans should wish the annihilation of Germany, or give moral aid and support to Great Britain in its unholy alliance with a civilization in which, if it triumphs, we ourselves can have little in common.

KARL F. GEISER.

Oberlin College, August 11.

[The *Nation* is glad to publish letters like Professor Geiser's presenting a point of view from which we ourselves wholly dissent. To reply to what we must regard as the obvious fallacies in Professor Geiser's argument would be to repeat the substance of several of our editorial articles. But we may point out that this correspondent follows Professor Münsterberg in ignoring the fact that Germany refused to take part in the conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey—this at a time when such action might have prevented the war. Likewise, it should be noted that to assign jealousy as the cause of England's and, as Professor Münsterberg does, of America's attitude also, is to deal loosely with the facts, besides adopting a tone far from conciliatory.—ED. THE NATION.]

TRAVEL IN NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A terrific blow is about to be aimed at our already staggering transportation system in New England. May the travelling public not in some way rise to its defence?

Many of us recall vividly the old conditions of travel in New England, when through connections were a matter of uncertainty. A Connecticut man journeying to Vermont or New Hampshire spent hours of tedium in the Springfield station. A New Yorker bound for Maine wound through the streets of Boston, and usually took a troubled nap at the North Station. Northern New Englanders came south—but not often—with equal difficulty. In a word, through traffic was haphazard and primitive.

Furthermore, a rate of two cents a mile was a dream for travellers to the north. The tolls ranged from two and a half to four or five cents. A run to the White Mountains required several sorts of mileage books—if one attempted that form of economy—and scalpers thrived. Even in parts of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, a decade ago, three or four cents a mile prevailed.

At present, whatever may be said against the New Haven management, numerous through trains connect New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island with northern Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. Travel to the north has become easy and convenient. Also a single mileage book, at a rate of two cents a mile, carries one to remote corners of the mountains or to distant stretches of the Maine coast. Altogether the improvement in conditions of traffic in this section has been enormous.

Whether the New Haven Railroad system is a combination in restraint of trade or an organization for the furtherance of trade, it apparently rests with the courts to determine. From the standpoint of the traveller, however, the proposal to divorce the New England Railroad from the New Haven sounds preposterous; and the proceedings to separate the Boston & Maine exceedingly dubious. Under proper governmental supervision, may not a single leading railway system in a section—like a single trolley system in one of our cities—work for the public convenience and benefit?

Most of us have come to feel that the reign of the high hand in New Haven affairs has been ended; and that the new management can be trusted to coöperate with legislators and citizens in efforts for honest efficiency. If, as seems plausible, the affiliated trolley and navigation lines ought to be made independent organizations, at all events the railway system proper needs, not a staggering blow, but the encouragement and backing of those who believe in travelling throughout New England with safety, economy, and convenience.

W. L. SQUIRE.

Wethersfield, Conn., July 31.

CARD CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose most librarians will be inclined to pass over the gentle and undoubtedly clever gibes of Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson anent card catalogues in your issue of July 30 with the remark, "It amuses him and don't hurt us." But in my retirement I feel like coming to the support of my brethren who are bearing the heat and burden of the day in regard to one or two points. The extent of these catalogues and the space taken to house them must always be in proportion to the size of the library and the adequacy of the cataloguing. As to the latter, the zeal of the librarians in furnishing all needed guidance may have o'erleapt itself, but the multiplication of entries to meet various points of view is certainly an amiable fault, and one that should be condoned by a journal given, as is the *Nation*, to observing the fulness and adequacy, or the opposite, of the indexing of books it has occasion to review. And with high ideas of the value of good cataloguing, it is difficult to see why one need object should even 10 per cent. of a library's capacity be devoted to the catalogue, a proportion which, I imagine, has nowhere as yet been reached.

When one considers all the elements that enter into the making and arranging of entries of author, title, and subject for a collection of hundreds of thousands of volumes, it is apparent that complications will arise, destroying all hope of a facile simplicity. The transliteration of Oriental names (Mr. Pearson cites "Tagore") is one of the most difficult *cruces* in the whole matter. All this being so, is it not to the credit of the libraries that they are more and more employing "interpreters to make them clear"; that is, reference librarians to help the inquirer in the use of the catalogue and of bibliographies and other helps?

Unlike Mr. Pearson, who has "no method to suggest whereby they [catalogues] may be kept smaller," I have one, the one I advocated in a letter to the *Nation* a generation ago; a method which has been largely followed in a good many libraries. It is the omission from the catalogue of a great many "analytical" entries, the purpose of which may be better served, through the help of a reference librarian, by bibliographical works and indices now increasingly available.

W. I. FLETCHER,
Librarian Emeritus, Amherst College.

Quaker Hill, Conn., August 11.

CARLYLE'S TRANSLATION OF LEGENDRE'S GEOMETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest some of your readers to know that the very rare translation of Legendre's Geometry by Thomas Carlyle mentioned by Sir Leslie Stephen (Ency. Brit., Vol. 5, p. 350) was published by Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, 1822, under the "editorship" of David Brewster, F.R.S., the name of the "translator" appearing nowhere in the book. We may infer from Sir Leslie Stephen's statements that the translation was made when the youthful and struggling Carlyle had given up teaching and was writing articles for the Edinburgh Cyclopædia, of which Brewster was editor. The copy which I have before me was picked up by the late Prof. G. W. Jones on a visit to Edinburgh over twenty years ago, and was left by him to the Cornell mathematical seminary library. It contains the names of several owners, and the following pencil note by the second-hand bookseller: 'Very rare; translated by Thomas Carlyle; Brewster only 'superintended' the translation." In the editor's preface, it is stated that an "Introduction on Proportion, by the translator, has been prefixed to the work." For clearness and terseness of exposition these eight pages on proportion well merit the praise from Augustus de Morgan quoted by Sir Leslie Stephen.

It is known that Carlyle was a diligent student of mathematics at the University of Edinburgh under Playfair and Leslie, both of whom were distinguished geometers. It is curious that in the article on Sir David Brewster in the Britannica the Introduction and Notes to the English edition of Legendre are attributed to the editor, the facts being that the Introduction is the translator's, and the appended Notes are the original author's. Moreover, in the article on Legendre the translation is attributed to Brewster. The Notes are enriched by a special contribution from Legendre, written for the English edition, containing a reply to certain British writers who had found fault with the logic of his treatment of the theory of parallels. The interest of this vigorous reply is not diminished by the fact that Legendre's ingenious attempt to give an *à priori* proof of Euclid's postulate of parallels has not stood the test of more searching modern logic.

JAMES MCMAHON.

Ithaca, N. Y., August 7

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Literature

BABYLONIAN CULTURE UNDER FOREIGN INFLUENCES.

Babylonian Records in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. Part II. By A. T. Clay.

Following close upon the heels of the first comes a second volume by Professor Clay of cuneiform texts from the considerable collection of such material obtained by the late Pierpont Morgan, whose activity as a collector led him into so many and various fields. In this volume, Professor Clay selects fifty-six tablets of a legal character, dating from the latest division of Babylonian history, when the country was in the hands of Greek governors, known as the Seleucids, and their successors, the Arsacids, comprising the period of 312 to 65 B. C. Up to the present comparatively few documents of this period have been published, so that Professor Clay's contribution is of great value in throwing light on social and commercial conditions during the three centuries preceding our era.

To many it will come as a surprise to find the continued existence of Babylonian culture, despite the Persian conquest by Cyrus in 539 B. C. and the Greek conquest by Alexander in 333 B. C. Such, however, was the tenacity of the civilization which had enjoyed a continuous sway for several thousand years that it was able successfully to withstand foreign influences. Not only did the Babylonian language continue to be used, at least officially, despite the fact that from the seventh century on Aramaic had become current among the population; but the religious beliefs and customs maintained their hold on the people, the temples and an elaborate priesthood were kept up, and though no doubt Greeks and Persians introduced some changes in the forms of government, the ancient laws were retained and social conditions were not modified in any essential particulars. The proof of this is furnished by Professor Clay's publication. The texts all come from the ancient city of Uruk or Erech, represented by the Mound Warka, which retains in its name a tradition of the ancient place. Temples and shrines in Uruk are referred to in the documents, and, indeed, with few exceptions, the texts are temple archives, dealing with property that belongs to a temple or with income derived from a temple.

The chief deity of Uruk was the god Anu, and it is, therefore, not accidental that in the thousand names or so occurring in the text, a large percentage contain the names of this deity as an element, while the name of the chief goddess, Nânâ, whose temple, known as E-Anna, "the heavenly house," was one of the oldest as well as one of the most famous shrines of ancient Babylonia, dating back to the earliest period, is also found as an element in several hundred names. The other chief deities of the Babylonian pantheon, Enlil, Ea, Marduk, Sin, Shamash, Nergal, etc., are likewise represented both in proper names and in direct references to their shrines or to offerings made to them. The officials mentioned are those with whom we are familiar from documents of an earlier period, and the legal formulæ are precisely the same as we find them to be centuries earlier.

It is interesting to note, also, as a further proof of the pertinacity of customs in Babylonia, that in the days of the Greek supremacy the temples continued to be business establishments, dealing in estates and slaves. What is more, officials of the temple trafficked in their incomes derived from offerings and sold their rights to render temple services and to receive the income accruing therefrom. No less than nineteen documents, as Professor Clay points out, are concerned with transactions of this nature. In addition to this, however, a large number of other commercial matters are dealt with in the collection, such as lease of houses, deeds of gift, sales of slaves, divisions of estates, deeds of release, exchange of properties, records of debts, and warranty deeds. Of special interest is one of the documents, No. 53, in which a certain Nikanor, son of Demokrates, dedicates a five-year-old slave girl, Arakhuna, to the "divine sanctuary." The formal assurance is given that the dedication gift is unencumbered through any previous disposition of any kind, and that in case this does not turn out to be correct, Nikanor agrees to forfeit one mina of gold for the benefit of the "divine sanctuary." The expression used, *bît ilâni*, which is literally "house of the gods," recalls the Hebrew *beth Elohim*, "house of god," and suggests a designation of a sanctuary due to Hebrew or Aramaic influence, for the plural use of "gods" seems to have acquired the same force of "god" in general, as in the Hebrew phrase, where Elohim is likewise a plural. Professor Clay appears to have overlooked this parallel, which furnishes an explanation of the Babylonian phrase occurring elsewhere in these texts, *e. g.*, No. 34, obverse 2, and No. 45, obverse lines 2, 4, 9, etc.; nor is he quite right in explaining a somewhat similar phrase, *ilâni bîtishunu*, which occurs in a good many of the texts after the enumeration of deities, as "gods of their houses" and as a reference to minor deities not specifically mentioned. It is necessary to take into consideration the word *gabbi*, "all," which is invariably attached to *bîtishunu*, "their houses," so that the whole phrase means "all the houses of the gods," and refers to the sanctuaries of the gods mentioned.

The occurrence of Greek names in the text above referred to leads to a consideration of what is perhaps the most significant feature of the texts, namely, the proof furnished through the many Greek names of predominating Greek influence in Babylonia. Professor Clay, in his Introduction, has collected a list of these Greek names, and it is interesting to note among them such well-known forms as Ariston, Artemidoros, Demetrius, Diodoros, Nikarchos, and Alexander. The transliteration of these foreign names into the syllabic cuneiform writing (which has no vowel) furnishes some interesting features. So it is significant that the famous Alexander appears without the expected ending *os*, being written *A-lik-sa-an-dar*—an indication, therefore, of a popular pronunciation of the name, precisely like the form given to the name in Latin literature. The final ending disappears in some other names, as, *e. g.*, *Ba-as-si-ia*, which is no doubt Pasias, *Di-e-mu-uk-ra-te-e*, *i. e.*, Dêmokrates. On the other hand, we have *An-ti-'u-ku-su* (Antiochos), *Di-du-ur-e-su* (Diodôros), *Ni-ik-ar-ku-u-su* (Nikarchos), where we have even an overhanging vowel beyond the final *s*, though no doubt this overhanging *u* was not actually pronounced. A very happy identification is the somewhat strange form, *Ni-ik-ku-u-la-mu-u-su*, with Nikoleos (*i. e.*, our "Nicholas"), where again we have the overhanging vowel. The *m*, which has also the sound *v*, represents a consonant between *e* and *a* in the Greek name, as in modern Greek *basilevs* for *basileus*. In regard to the puzzling *Is-sa-ru-u-tu-nu* (with a number of variations) which Professor Clay hesitatingly explains as Isorodon (though such a form does not occur among Greek names), the suggestion may be made that it may be due to a metathesis for Issadurunu, which would give us Isidôron.

As a further illustration of the commingling of Babylonians with Greeks that was taking place during the Seleucid period, we have statements in the texts regarding persons who bear two names, a genuine Babylonian one by the side of a Greek one. Sometimes the Greek name is the second one, as in the case of a certain Nânâiddin (signifying "the goddess Nânâ has given"), "whose second name is *Di-me-ti-ri-ia*," *i. e.*, Demetrios; at times we have the reverse, as in the case of *Di-i-pa-tu-u-su* (probably Diopostos), "whose second name is Anu-uballit" ("Anu gives life"). In the former case, we may assume the individual to have been a Babylonian, or at least the son of a Babylonian father, in the latter a Greek, or the son of a Greek father, who had married a Babylonian woman. A curious custom, which appears to have risen from the example of two names in the case of the offspring of mixed marriages, is the occurrence of individuals who bear two Babylonian names, *e. g.*, a certain *Anu-balat-su-ikbi* ("Anu has commanded his life"), "whose second name is Anu-zêr-idden" ("Anu has given offspring").

There are several important historical problems arising from the dates attached to the tablets, which Professor Clay briefly discusses without reaching in all cases satisfactory solutions. The impression made by the Seleucid governors of Babylonia on the country was such that, even after they had been replaced by the Parthian Arsacidæ, the Seleucid era beginning in the year 312 B. C. continued in use. So, *e. g.*, we find a document, No. 52, bearing the double date, "year of 109 Arsak' King, which is the year 173," *i. e.*, the 109th year of the Arsacidian era, beginning 248 B. C., equals the 173d year of the Seleucid era, *i. e.*, 139 B. C. The Jews, likewise adopting the Babylonian custom, con-

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tinued to use the Seleucid era in their official calendar many centuries after the end of the Seleucid rule.

To discuss the chronological questions, however, would take us too far afield, just as we cannot for lack of space consider the specimen translations of selected texts given by Professor Clay in regard to which some differences of opinion might be set forth. Needless to add that the translation as a whole betrays the thorough study which the author has given to his subject. There are few living scholars who have published so many legal documents of all periods of Babylonian-Assyrian history as Professor Clay, and the results of his prolonged study of the legal formulæ contained in them are to be seen in his most recent translations. To mention, however, one point, we doubt whether Professor Clay has correctly understood the phrase which he renders "to work the clay," occurring in a text, No. 53. The sign used for "clay" also means *duppu*, "tablet," and the phrase would seem to be the technical one for preparing the clay tablets for the use of the temple. In No. 45, obverse 9, there is an official whose title is expressed in the very same terms, "maker of the clay of the sanctuary of Uruk." Since No. 53 records the gift of a slave girl five years old to the temple, it is hardly conceivable that she was assigned to do this work, as Professor Clay's rendering might lead us to suppose. It would seem rather that the slave-girl is offered in payment of a vow on the part of her master to prepare clay tablets, the vow being indicated in the opening phrases, "for the life of the king, for the life of himself, for the life of the people [*i. e.*, the household], and for the life of his city (?)." The slave-girl is designated as "a maid of *taturru*." Professor Clay renders *taturru* as "possession," which is correct, but it is not clear whether he recognized that the term appears to be the technical designation for a child of a slave "born of the house" (as the Biblical phrase has it), and therefore belonging to the master of the mother-slave.

A word should be said in conclusion of the exquisite autographed copies of the texts. Professor Clay's reputation as an expert copyist of cuneiform texts is so well established that commendation of his work would be superfluous were it not for the fact that in his latest volume he has even surpassed his former accomplishments. It is quite within the proper limits to say that never has an edition of cuneiform texts been published superior to this beautifully clear and regular reproduction of the original tablets.

It is a pleasure to study texts thus edited, and Professor Clay is to be particularly commended for having adhered to the method followed by the best editors in giving us the general ductus of the signs of the period without reproducing every idiosyncrasy of each individual scribe, which adds nothing to our knowledge and merely enhances the difficulties.

It is to be hoped that the generous policy of the late Pierpont Morgan in thus making the treasures accumulated by him accessible to scholars will be continued.

CURRENT FICTION.

Telling the Truth: A Novel of Analysis. By William Hewlett. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

The author evidently thinks this book very daring; in fact, it is rather mild in comparison with the high-flavored fiction to which the younger English novelists are accustoming us. The form is autobiographical. A successful novelist is supposed to undertake to tell the whole truth about his own life. From childhood he was, it seems, recalcitrant. He early perceived that his father was a fool, his mother a weakling, and his sister a heartless prig; religion a mockery and social convention an elaborate fraud. He lost no opportunity of conveying his impressions, was cast out of a virtuous home, became a journalist, an actor, and finally a well-rewarded maker of realistic novels. On his way to that comfortable eminence his chief pleasures were confessedly of the senses. He had twenty mistresses, following one infatuation of more note. He then fell seriously in love with a married woman, whose only scruple was lest she should give herself to him without the full sanction of her own heart. She is adored by her husband, but has never really found herself able to respond to him. Finally, the moment comes when she realizes that she does really love our hero, and she at once notifies him and her husband that there must be a change of partners. "She holds, with me," says the complacent novelist, "that only by severing the tie that binds her to a man she does not love can she regain her self-respect. There will be no marriage, whatever course Sir Ralph may pursue. The sacrament of marriage can profane itself, but nothing can sully the supreme and holy sacrament of love." We suspect that it is a very young gentleman who gives utterance to these now almost time-honored sentiments in a key so ingenuously shrill.

The Lights Are Bright. By Louise Kennedy Mabie. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a well-told story of business rivalry, of love, and (rather self-consciously) of the Middle West. It makes frank, but not offensive, use of the machinery of melodrama. There is a beautiful heroine, heiress and owner of a great steel mill. She lives with a maiden aunt of the old-school order, who duly serves her purpose by affording comedy relief. The mill has a manager of the stalwart and true type. His name itself, John Sterling Ames, is a guarantee of his worth. He is much older than our Theodora, in love with her, and bound that she shall never, never know. She, adoring him, mistakes his self-command for coldness; hence the usual pretty pickle of romance. The mill has a deadly rival, the Lake City Steel Company. This malign corporation is under the secret control of a multi-millionaire, who is none other than our old acquaintance, the wicked financier. He determines to buy out Theodora, or to put her out of business. But, of course, he does not come to her with a business offer. He prefers sending spies and thieves to steal the books of the mill, and otherwise harass Theodora's John. The chief of these emissaries is another familiar figure, the villain from one of New York's oldest families. His manners, we are assured, are exquisite; unluckily, they do not lend themselves to reproduction in black and white. An elaborate plot removes Theodora from Ames's influence by way of a voyage on the Great Lakes, and places her apparently at the mercy of the wicked financier and the villanous aristocrat, his agent. But here Theodora shows her quality: the lesser villain is confounded, and the greater, by means of a virtuous sort of blackmail on the part of Ames, is forced to give up his designs. This sounds commonplace enough, but the book is better than its plot. Certain of the minor characters have far greater reality than the principals, and the Lake atmosphere, a setting for human action as distinctive as that of coast village, prairie, or bayou, is conveyed with a good deal of force. The title, it may be said, is derived from the call of a lookout on a Lake freighter.

The Trend. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Co.

A young English composer has scoured Europe in vain for a singer fit to create the title rôle of his "wonderful cantata on Giordano Bruno"—the requisite combination of vocal and spiritual gifts is positively not to be found among world-famous tenors—when, strolling at nightfall upon the London streets, he happens upon a ragged youth singing celestially. He accosts the prodigy, and, finding him to be equally angelic in appearance and disposition, and conveniently unhampered by family ties, straightway adopts him and takes him down to Derbyshire, where, amid peaceful country scenes, the education of the fairy child proceeds apace. Bill Solesbee, whom cultural influences promptly converted into William Soulsby, proves a most edifying combination of humility, docility, and original inspiration. The local clergyman, after being entreated: "Oh, sir! I want words, sir! Please learn them me, and to speak properly, arrange 'em properly," obligingly consents to shepherd this hungry mind through the dictionary and "Paradise Lost." The composer has no trouble in teaching him to sing the desired rôle to perfection, and although he finds him quite incapable of profiting by any technical instruction in the art, is compensated for this disappointment by the curious melodies which his protégé's subtle ear detects in woodland sounds. In a few weeks the young genious is ready for fledging, and preparations for the production of the cantata are under way. But the vitality of the phenomenal lad is already on the wane. When his adored benefactor cuts short his protestations of gratitude by the remark that "he would have done the same for any one with such a voice," he imme-

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diately begins to pine away. The additional shock of realizing that his idol is infatuated to the point of marriage with an extremely mundane young woman still further weakens his hold on life, and upon the final note of martyr's triumph which concludes the cantata's highly successful *première*, this other-worldly spirit takes its flight. The plot *per se* is much more entertaining than the book, in which the wings of mystical fantasy are made to carry a heavy load of argumentative dialogue. Seldom, even in Johnsonian days, were characters in a book so inveterate in discourse upon abstract themes.

The Woodneys: An American Family. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. New York: The Devin Adair Co.

When we meet the Woodneys, they are on the point of suffering a series of reverses comparable to those that gave the Vicar of Wakefield large opportunity for resorting to the consolations of his philosophy. But they do not quite reach the point of actual distress. A near relative has been provided for just this contingency. Happily divorced, enjoying a generous alimony, she arrives on the scene in good time to checkmate the evident determination of fate to afflict the inoffensive Woodneys with all the troubles that can well be crowded into a few weeks. Her excuse for existence, however, is sadly marred by a sudden turn for the better, brought about by a miscreant who, through the clumsy device of a long and unnatural letter, undoes the part of the evil he has wrought. Nobody, whether a divorced relative or an anonymous thief, seems to be able to do much for Robert Woodney, the son, whose attempt to carve his way in New York is a pitiable failure. The book, although not the first work of its author, is crude. The Woodneys are not alive, nor if they were would they be a typical American family, even of the unrefined and unlucky sort. For the undiscriminatingly sentimental, there will be some pleasure in the reunion of the divorced couple, which, like the rest of the story, is most artificially managed.

Two in the Wilderness. By Stanley Washburn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The exhilarating experiences of a trip by canoe and horseback through the wilds of British Columbia are here combined with a situation of man and maid which has been a favorite with romancers since the days of Arthurian legend. Theirs is, in fact, the story of Gareth and Lynette transplanted to the last American frontier. The defenceless but arrogant damsel who resents finding herself thrown upon the mercy of a chance protector is, of course, the pampered daughter of a wealthy Easterner. The knightly protector who, while meekly suffering under her disdain, still continues to serve her in all chivalry, is, all unknown to her, the self-exiled heir to many millions, who, after seven years in the wilderness, has at last "made his strike," and is even now on his way back to the paternal arms. The author, more expert in treating of trails and woodcraft than in describing the melting of minds to love, has, perforce, reduced the psychological situation to its simplest terms. Under the necessity of protracting the process till the very end of the journey, he keeps his hero endlessly reiterating, "She is far too fine for a rough backwoodsman like me," and rushing off into the forest to hunt fresh meat for her supper, while his heroine's resolve to maintain social distinctions is forever giving way to the recognition that here is a far better specimen of manhood than her New York beau. Manifestly this is no book for the student of erotics; but those who love to follow a rough trail, even vicariously, and can get a pleasurable thrill out of hearing how, by a few strokes of the axe, a spruce tree may be converted into a gigantic umbrella for a rain-drenched maiden, will find it a cheerful story, unvexed by moral perplexities, and as mentally relaxing as those beds of fresh-cut pine boughs upon which, we are told, these two wayfarers reposed soundly.

HUMAN PERSONALITY.

Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00 net.

This book is an attempt to value anew the things that are usually grouped under the term "economic goods" and services and to substitute for the money measure usually applied thereto a standard of "human valuation" expressing "costs" and "utilities" in terms which are directly referable to human personality, both individual and social. In that it lays much more stress upon the "spiritual" side of personality than is customary in discussions of these matters, Mr. Hobson's book should be particularly welcome to the economic student who, whether or not he agree with the conclusions expressed, can hardly fail to be refreshed by the atmosphere in which the subject is immersed. The "average man"—so dear to the average economist—is no friend of Mr. Hobson's, for, as he intimates more than once, to borrow from Mrs. Gamp, there "ain't no sich a person." While it is clear that for a perfect valuation of the "goods and services" of human life there is necessary a *Weltanschauung* with a definite theory as to the end or purpose of life, and while Mr. Hobson definitely renounces at the outset all effort at so complete a "valuation of life," the standard of desirability which he adopts is probably as good as any obtainable after such renunciation. "The best escape from this predicament," he says, "is to start from some generally accepted concept which indicates, even if it does not express fully, the desirable in life. Such a term I take to be 'organic welfare'" (p. 12).

Although this concept (taken, as it is, in a biological sense) may seem to be in danger of overemphasizing the physical at the expense of the spiritual in human activities, Mr. Hobson strives gallantly to avoid this mistake in making his equations of individual cost and utility:

> [The] "organic" point of view avoids two grave errors common to the more mechanical treatment of an economic science which has subordinated man to commercial wealth. It insists upon regarding the productive effort which goes into any work of production and the satisfaction which proceeds from the consumption of any product not as a separate cost and a separate utility, but in their total bearing upon the life of the producer or consumer. . . . Nor is this all. Current economic science has not only treated each cost and each utility as a separate item or unit of economic power, it has treated each man as two men, producer and consumer. . . . The standpoint of organic welfare reduces to its natural limits this useful distinction of producer and consumer, and enables us to trace the true interactions of the two processes. In a word it obliges us to value every act of production or consumption with regard to its aggregate effect upon the life and character of the agent (pp. 13-14).

These contentions seem to be justifiable. But a "social interpretation" must also be achieved, and this is attempted by Mr. Hobson in the later portion of his book. He carries the same "organic" concept into his interpretation of the needs of human society, which he regards as a true "organism" in a strict biological sense, adopting the analogy of a body and its component cells. There are three possible views of human society: the extreme individualistic view, which considers society as purely "a means or instrument for achieving the ends of personality"; the extreme "social" view, which considers the individual existence as quite subordinate to that of society, and the middle view, which slights neither the individual nor the "social" group. From the "individualistic" point of view, society, if an "organism" at all, is of extremely low organic structure; the more nearly the biological analogy holds, the higher must be the organization and the more subordinate the individual component cells to the structure as a whole. Mr. Hobson is aware of the importance of human personality. He admits that the biological analogy is not perfect. Nevertheless, society must, he says, "be conceived, not as a set of social relations, but as a collective organism, with life, will, purpose, meaning of its own, as distinguished from the life, will, purpose, meaning of the individual members of it." Consequently, it becomes of great importance to consider economic processes, "not only in their bearing upon individual lives, but in their bearing upon the welfare of society." He continues:

> Indeed it is difficult to see how any reasonable person can confront the grave practical problems presented by the industrial societies of to-day, such as those contained in individual, class, sex, national differentiation of economic functions, without realizing that the hypothesis of humanity as itself a collective organism can alone furnish any hope of their rational solution. . . . Human welfare will be not merely the welfare of human beings

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taken as an aggregate, but of society regarded as an organic unity (p. 17).

Mr. Hobson, despite his appreciation of individual personality—one would almost infer from what he says in more places than one that his psychology contemplates at least a possibility that there is such a thing as the human soul!—definitely leans to the notion that on the whole the "social soul" is more important. It is to the reconstruction of human society in such a way that true "social values" shall be set up as a standard, and that mankind in general shall in the light of these "values" pursue and achieve true "social" ends, that he wishes to summon and direct human effort. The problem is to reconcile and harmonize "individual" wills to the "social will" and to find "individual motives" in "social service." Mr. Hobson's ideal "commonwealth" in its main features greatly resembles the "coöperative commonwealth" of the intelligent Socialist:

> We have sketched a growing order, harmony, and unity of industrial life, concerned with the regular supply of economic needs for mankind. Were such an order effectively achieved in accordance with the rational and equitable application of our human law of distribution (and the law as Mr. Hobson sees it is practically that of the classic Socialists: "to each according to his needs"), the economy of industrial processes would be accompanied by a corresponding economy of thought and emotion among the human beings engaged in this common coöperation. This social economy demands, as we have seen, the substitution of social welfare for private profit as the directing motive throughout industry. But it does not imply a completely socialistic system in which each productive process is under the direct and exclusive control of society (p. 290).

How is the harmony between individual wills and the "social will" to be brought about? It is in the attempt to answer this question that Mr. Hobson is least satisfying. His theory is that we must rely upon the biological analogy for our solution. The social organism has its own collective instincts. Being an organism which is at best somewhat low in the biologic scale (p. 358), society is mainly governed by instinct; man, on the other hand, has gradually developed his instincts into what is called reason—for Mr. Hobson apparently recognizes no clearly dividing line between the two. We are to suppose that society's "instincts" are to become more clearly and "rationally" expressed and the "collective will" more clearly apprehensible by and convincing to the individual "reason," and thus in one time both will work in harmony to the desired end. Mr. Hobson rightly points out that "democracy" justifies itself on this theory of the biological analogy; only upon such a theory can a rational faith in democracy as the term is nowadays used be securely based (p. 351).

This is all very logical, but, one must admit, not very convincing. Mr. Hobson does not as boldly face the root-difficulty of "human nature" as does Mr. Wells in that passage towards the close of "New Worlds for Old," where, admitting that "Socialism" is "against human nature," he describes human nature as the "Ishmael of the universe." Was this, perhaps, recognition by him of "original sin" and its consequences? There is a huge difficulty inherent in the concept of rational, self-conscious, reflective personalities as cells in an evolving organism—this is really Mr. Hobson's basic assumption—and it is this difficulty which renders in large measure ineffective the concluding chapters of his book. Nevertheless, one should be grateful to him for his insistence on the rights and needs of human personality and for the high plane upon which he has placed the discussion of a subject only too often treated on purely materialistic lines.

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

Memories of Two Wars. By Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

To those who revel in adventures and bloodshed, Gen. Funston's reminiscences will make a great appeal. A Marryat, a Cooper, a Lever might have envied the General the wealth of adventure upon which he can draw. None of their heroes, surely, ever faced death more frequently or more nonchalantly. His has been a charmed life, yet only a part of the experiences of this modern O'Malley are herein set forth. This is the story of his drifting into the army of Cuban liberation in 1896 as an adventurous son of Kansas, without prestige, or social or political influence, and of his becoming within a few months, on his merits, chief of artillery of the Cuban army, followed by his extraordinary rise in three years from colonel of a raw Kansas regiment to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army of the United States at the age of thirty-six. Where else than in America could so romantic a career and so sudden an elevation be possible?

Let it be said at once that the General has told his often thrilling story in an admirably direct and simple style that recalls pleasantly the remarkable memoirs of our great soldiers of the Civil War—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Whereas they dealt with great campaigns and vast battalions, Gen. Funston tells chiefly of regiments and individuals. That extraordinary adaptability, and the mental keenness and courage of the average American, which made him so fine a soldier in 1861-65, are shown here to have existed in the same notable degree among our volunteers in the Philippines in 1898-1901. But no sound mind of genuine humanity can put this volume down without a shudder at the slaughtering of human beings recorded. Gen. Funston tries to be fair to his enemies, and pays a handsome tribute to his comrades of the Cuban army who were so greatly misunderstood in 1898. But the callousness of the professional man-killer is evident, none the less, in his book, side by side with a vivid note of pain when the bullet pierces the brain, not of his enemy, but of his friend. What a difference there is in the point of view!

Here is proof enough, too, that all is still fair in war. The adventure of Aguinaldo, as told in this volume, shows clearly the extraordinary fertility of deception, the amazing imagination for planning, the remarkable endurance and readiness to risk a spy's death of Aguinaldo's captor. This exploit will be judged according to the moral standards of each of his readers. Heaven knows, when war is ever the "sum of all villanies," he who would especially cavil at Funston's methods on this quest of the Filipino leader must be hard pressed indeed. On the whole, the reader of this gory book lays it down with a better opinion of the narrator than he held before. Extraordinary as it may seem that a man untrained in war should have been promoted over the heads of a couple of thousand of trained soldiers—it is said that this never would have happened if Gen. Wheaton's dispatch recommending Funston for a regular brigadier-general had not been inadvertently given out at the War Department—it is clear that out of the adventurous boy who roamed Alaska and joined the Cuban army merely for the sake of adventure, has grown a man of force and power in his chosen profession, a genuine eader of men, simple and without boastfulness or immodesty over his extraordinarily successful career.

Notes

"The Promise of Life," by Howard Sutherland, is announced for publication in the autumn by Rand, McNally & Company.

Henry Holt & Company announce for autumn publication a translation of Selma Lagerlöf's "Christ Legends," by Velma Swanston Howard.

The Macmillan Company will publish shortly "The King of the Dark Chamber," by Rabindranath Tagore.

The Century Company announces the publication next month of "Little Eve Edgarton," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

The following books are promised for publication in the autumn by the John C. Winston Company, of Philadelphia: "The Bend of the River," by Max Adeler; "The Quitter," by Jacob Fisher; "The Mary Frances Housekeeper," by Jane Eayre Fryer; "Sylvia's Marriage," by Upton Sinclair; "Myths and Legends," by Logan Marshall.

The University of Chicago Press announces as forthcoming: "Water Reptiles of the Past and Present," by Samuel Wendell Williston; "The Evolution of Early Christianity," by Shirley Jackson Case; "The Lincoln and Douglas Debates," by Horace White (Publications of the Chicago Historical Society); "The Origin and Teachings of the New Testament," by Ernest D. Burton and Fred

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Merrifield; "William James and Henri Bergson," by Horace M. Kallen; "Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America," Vol. VIII, edited by A. C. von Noé; "An Historical Examination of Some Non-Markan Elements in Luke," by Ernest William Parsons (Vol II, Part 6, Second Series, Historical and Linguistic Studies); "Sunday-School Buildings and Equipment," by Herbert F. Evans; "A Graded Social Service for the Sunday School," by William N. Hitchins; "The Problems of Boyhood," by Franklin W. Johnson. To the University of Chicago Science series will be added: "The Evolution of Sex in Plants," by John Merle Coulter; "The Origin of the Earth," by Thomas C. Chamberlin; "The Isolation and Measurement of the Electron," by Robert A. Millikan.

The following titles are included in Frederick A. Stokes's September list of announcements of juvenile books: "The Boys' Motley," by H. W. Banks; "The Beard Animals," by A. B. Beard; "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," by Batten Beard; "A Nursery Book of Science," by Ainsworth Davies; "The Human Side of Plants," by R. Dixon; "Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles," by W. A. DuPuy; "The Buccaneers of America," by John Esquemeling; "Margaret's Book," by Fielding H. Hall; "Boy's Book of Astronomy," by Ellison Hawkes; "How to Enjoy Pictures," by Ruth Head; "The Kewpies and Dotty Darling," by Rose C. O'Neill; "The Kind Adventure," by Stella G. S. Perry.

For the third volume of his "History of European Diplomacy" (Longmans; $6 net) David Jayne Hill has chosen the appropriate sub-title "The Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism." In it he traces the main outlines of European diplomatic history from the ascendency of France in 1648 to the diplomatic bankruptcy of France after her loss of Canada and India and her failure to prevent the partitions of Poland and Turkey in 1772-74. It is decidedly a better volume than its two predecessors. Doubtless, the diplomatist of today warms more quickly to his subject in this later period, inasmuch as the territorial settlements and the diplomatic usages which were adopted in the long negotiations preliminary to the Peace of Westphalia are virtually the essential starting point for the modern diplomatist. In the century and a quarter following the Peace of Westphalia, the typical and the usually successful government was that in which absolute power was concentrated in the hands of a single powerful monarch or minister. By centring the attention, therefore, upon a few great diplomatists —Mazarin and Louis XIV, John DeWitt and William III, Dubois and Alberoni, Walpole and Pitt, Catherine II and Frederick II—Dr. Hill is able to tread a fairly easy path across the tangled maze of diplomatic endeavor of many lesser men. He thereby secures a unity and continuity which would have been impossible had he tried to take up the aims of all the rival nations. He wisely sacrifices completeness to clearness. In his selection of topics to be considered his judgment is broad and catholic. His style is simple and direct, and is enlivened by apt quotations from others and by happy phrases of his own. On the other hand, his authorities are often a little dusty. Over such an immense field he has not always been able to note fine points which have been established by recent scholars: Admiral Van Tromp, for instance (p. 10), sails down the Channel again with the apocryphal broom at the masthead. Being frankly based mainly on the secondary accounts of others, his work makes no original contribution to knowledge, except in so far as his synthesis shows the relation between absolutism and diplomacy. There are helpful bibliographies at the close of each chapter, but it is surprising that a recent ambassador to Berlin should think (p. 534) that Frederick the Great's "Œuvres" are included in his "Politische Korrespondenz." However, new American diplomatists are not likely to pack in their travelling bags a more satisfactory one-volume history of a period which it will do them no harm to know than is contained in Dr. Hill's thoughtful volume.

"My Days of Adventure," by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly (London: Chatto & Windus; 7s. 6d. net), comprises the entertaining reminiscences of a young English war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War. The author was connected, as he states repeatedly, with a family of famous war correspondents, and consequently knew many interesting people by sight and even by acquaintance. He was only in his teens when the war broke out in 1870, but he had once been noticed by Napoleon III when helping secure some copy for the *Illustrated London News*. He stayed in Paris during the summer, heard on the boulevards of the terrible French defeats, was swept into the Palais Bourbon by the republican mob, which insisted on the downfall of the Second Empire, and experienced fifty days of the siege. He was fortunate in having a shrewd concierge, Saby, who provided tolerable food even during the scarcity; among other things Saby had had the wit, before the Germans closed in, to acquire some rabbits which multiplied with their usual fecundity, in spite of the Germans; so that he was soon able to sell *lapins* to Rothschild at ten dollars apiece. The account of Paris besieged, with many anecdotes, is the best part of the book. In November, thanks to the intervention of Mr. Washburne, the United States Minister, the author was allowed, with a band of other foreigners, to depart from the famishing city. He then followed the armies north of the Loire, and sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the first published English account of the hard fighting at Le Mans, of which he had been an eye-witness. The author's egoism palls somewhat, yet it is doubtless the unimportant details of how much cheese he ate, how cold he felt, and what he said to his father that make his rambling narrative readable.

John Addington Symonds was by no means a great writer, but he was an extraordinarily stimulating spirit. Whether in Greece, Italy, or Elizabethan England, he had the gift of making the past seem vivid, related to our own emotions, and important. Those who, like the reviewer, owe much to him, will admit with some reluctance the reservations made by Van Wyck Brooks in "John Addington Symonds: A Biographical Study" (Kennerley). Yet Mr. Brooks's estimate seems both just and sympathetic. Symonds was fundamentally a derelict æsthete, who sought escape from self in popularization, who ultimately achieved conviction in the task, and who entertained rather despairingly the hope that an accidental immortality might result from a single hit. This somewhat sporting attitude towards literature was largely a personal deduction from Whitman's philosophy of life. The wholesome influence of Whitman on the morbid Symonds is one of the curiosities of literature. It will never be thoroughly understood until some one deals frankly with Symonds's underlying vice. Since the matter is more than hinted at in the official memoir and avowed in semi-private publications, the present biographer seems to us unduly reticent or strangely ill-informed. Unquestionably, it was the ambiguity of Whitman's doctrine of male love that first attracted his British admirer. That such a curiosity should have been a stage towards a kind of moral conversion is surely worth noting. At Davos, in his long fight against consumption, Symonds attained a fairly patriarchal standing. His life there was so normal and serviceable that one must most regret the hectic enthusiasm that drove him to constant overproduction as a refuge from himself. Thus his writing assumes the air of an accomplishment, and his enthusiasm takes on the somewhat perfunctory vim with which one enters upon a favorite game. This produced the paradox that so copious and eager a writer is at his best, not in original production, but in translation. We agree with Mr. Brooks that the version of Benvenuto Cellini is likely to outlast the rest.

Mr. Brooks's essay is an excellent bit of criticism, written with sympathy, discrimination, and distinction. We quote his statement of the fundamental weakness of the gifted author of the "Renaissance":

> True literature strikes a middle term, where self and theme coalesce. In poems, essays, subjective work, theme is harmoniously submerged in personality, just as in really great histories and biographies personality is harmoniously submerged in theme. Symonds, not in his biographies, not in his *magnum opus*, reaches this point; certainly not in his poems and essays. He is not quite the true historian, the true biographer, who finds satisfaction in a just view of objects. In all his pseudo-objective books the history of the man or the epoch is, one feels, continually being utilized, restlessly, half-consciously, in place of strictly creative work, to test the point of view of its author. As a corollary, in his subjective work, his poems, his personal essays, one feels that the author is trying to get away from himself, to submerge himself in objects. He cannot find himself, because he cannot lose himself. Hence, this morbid shyness—getting himself by a kind of blunder into the foreground of his objective themes and on the other hand failing to subdue objects to himself: neither the literature of knowledge nor yet the literature of power, but always a fatal mixture of both.

The opinion seems to us eminently just, yet precisely this way of mixing himself rather indiscreetly in his works of scholarship gave them an uncommon warmth. They struck fire from impressionable young people, as few similar books have ever done. To have approached the Greek poets and the Renaissance under his somewhat fitful guidance may still seem a privilege, even when riper years shall have revealed a flickering brilliance in what once seemed a steady blaze.

Prof. Martha Hale Shackford adds one more to the lengthening list of mediæval texts in modern dress. The title, "Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature" (Ginn; $1.25), is not to be strictly interpreted, for the volume contains, in addition to legends like the "Purgatory of St. Patrick" and the "Life of St. Margaret," and to satires like the "Land of

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Cockaygne" (somewhat abridged), such various matters as the "Amorous Contention of Phillis and Flora," a twelfth-century debate, in the Elizabethan translation of Chapman; extracts from the "Bestiary" and the "Lapidaries"; and the romance of "Sir Orfeo" in its Middle English form. There is sufficient variety of matter and of manner to extend to the reader an agreeable invitation to explore further in the byways of mediæval literature, among which the notes point the way.

"Nantucket: A History," by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow (Putnam's; $2.50 net), is written, as the author explains, because "no systematic record of Nantucket has appeared since 1835, when Obed Macy's 'History' was published." Meantime, however, many books, historical, biographical, genealogical, and geographical, have been printed dealing in detail with various phases of the island's past, and to these the author-compiler acknowledges his debt, making his selections cover a wide range of time and events. Certain Nantucket experts also have contributed chapters covering their special fields, and the author has painstakingly made a chronological record of all the important events on the island during the latter half of the nineteenth century. When we read that "the names of more than twelve thousand descendants of Tristam Coffin can be traced. The ramifications of the family extend to England, to all the British dominions, and to every State of the Union," we begin to feel that there is a very large public to whom a new history of Nantucket will appeal. Special mention should be made of the chapter on Eminent Nantucketers. The reader may smile over the author's rhetorical flight in his introductory paragraphs; but to one who knows and loves the island this will appear no mere spread of flowery phrases. To him it is a sacred truth that "this freedom-hallowed spot has sent its natives to work in the cause of human progress, to achieve national distinction and reputation, and to reflect unsullied honor upon the place of their nativity."

A number of new volumes have recently been added to the series of Outing Handbooks, published by the Outing Company (70 cents net each). Of course, none other than Charles Frederick Holder, of Tuna Club fame, could be the author of the volume on "Salt Water Game Fishing." It is a very pardonable pride that leads him to mention in four or five different chapters the latest fruit of the Tuna Club's sowing in the passage through the Californian Legislature of an act protecting the spawning beds along Santa Catalina Island from the ravages of market fishermen. His chapters are spiced, naturally, with many references to his own and other exciting adventures in sea angling, a sport which in its higher development owes more to him than to any other one man who has ever lived. The subject of "Iceboating" is presented by Archibald Rogers, H. Percy Ashley, and Dr. William M. Stanbrough, under the editorship of Herbert L. Stone, editor of *Yachting*. The instructions given cover both building and sailing. The volume on "The Canoe," by Robert E. Pinkerton, after considering more narrowly matters of selection, care, and handling, branches out into a number of chapters on the general requirements of a canoe outing trip, such as tents, clothing, bedding, cooking outfit, and camp-making. A volume on "Tennis Tactics" is from the pen of Raymond D. Little, winner of the doubles championship in 1911. Mr. Little puts his emphasis on generalship and strategy, as the features of the game about which least has heretofore been written. The subject of "Taxidermy" is handled by Leon L. Pray, a practical taxidermist. After a very brief chapter on tools and materials, Mr. Pray takes up in order the mounting of the small bird, the small mammal, the game fishes and reptiles, the Virginia deer head, and the coyote, illustrating his directions with a number of diagrams in each case. For the one obvious criticism of the book one may go to Horace: *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.*

"The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts (Stokes, illustrated; $5 net), is a large and well-printed quarto which develops a theory of exercise. Mrs. Watts's system grew out of the endeavor to analyze and imitate the poses of certain Greek statues, notably the Discobolus and the archer of the Ægina pediment. Her experiments convinced her that Greek training consisted in perfect control of the tense body, the position of head and torso remaining virtually unchanged in the most active movements, the work being thrown upon the balancing limbs. From these imitative studies she draws a series of exercises involving utmost accuracy of execution, tension throughout the movement, exquisite balance. Characteristic of the system is mounting a high block without bending the head and back. The feat seems to be a correct analysis of a famous marble of a charioteer. Some dozen movements, many of which are of a dance-like order, are fully described and illustrated by photographs and cinema series. By doing the exercises in a dark room with electric lights attached to her feet and the camera vertically above, Mrs. Watts obtained very interesting plans of her exercises. These came out in beautiful and regular curves, which the authoress regards as a demonstration of the correctness of the scheme. It may be said at once that the exercises are beautiful and extremely difficult. That they will do good to any sound person practicing them, Mrs. Watts, beginning after forty, proved in her own case. One must regret the too-ambitious title of what is in most respects a good book. The principle of tense balance is perfectly familiar to any fine dancer or figure-skater. The patterns of figure-skating much resemble Mrs. Watts's geometrical plates; in fact, her exercises, with due allowances, are often very like the skater's. As for the theory that a perfectly trained body is "tuned" to respond to the "cosmic forces," the history even of Greek athleticism hardly warrants such a belief. Unless the cosmic forces are purely physical or, as Mrs. Watts intimates, an indistinguishable blend of the mental and physical, those who have been in nearest touch with the world forces have not been trained athletes, but often aged or even invalid persons. Still the mysticism in this book may be taken or left, according to the reader's mood. An enthusiast for physical culture will find much to interest him in the system, and the archæologist will find hints of a very sensible method of interpreting the difficult postures represented by the ancient sculptors.

"Theological Symbolics," a posthumous volume by Prof. Charles A. Briggs (Scribner; $2.50 net), is a study of the official Christian creeds in the interest of church unity. The division of the subject indicates the author's practical purpose and point of view. Part I treats of Fundamental Symbolics, the classic ecumenical creeds officially accepted by all the larger bodies of Christendom. Part II is entitled Particular Symbolics, in which Professor Briggs analyzes and interprets the conflicting symbols which arose in the Protestant Reformation and subsequent divisions. In Part III, Comparative Symbolics, an effort is made to determine the consensus of doctrine in the symbols of the separated churches and to prove that adjustment and agreement is possible. Professor Briggs urges that a sufficient platform for reunion is found in the ecumenical creeds, in which the three great divisions of Christendom actually agree. He pleads for a supreme jurisdiction, under which "the subordinate jurisdictions representing each of the three divisions, and the particular jurisdictions into which each of these are or may be divided, may still retain their particular symbols and particular institutions without any interference whatever on the part of the higher jurisdiction." The example of the United States and the separate American commonwealths is cited. The desire to promote unity led Professor Briggs to minimize differences and to lay undue stress upon creedal statements in which various branches of Christendom appear to be in harmony, as well as to neglect many important differences in principle and point of view which have never found expression in official symbols. Modernism, both Catholic and Protestant, is something Professor Briggs did not at all understand, and since the real problem of Christian unity is the reconciliation of ancient and modern faith, there is a pathetic aspect of this scholarly and conscientious endeavor to promote harmony by harmonizing outgrown and discarded symbols. The student of the creeds will still need other manuals for reference to the exact language of the symbols, but will find in the present work valuable bibliographical material. As was evident in an earlier work of Prof. Briggs on the Apostles' Creed, he was unable to conceive a symbol as the outgrowth of the religious life and problems of a particular age.

The last issued double section of the Oxford English Dictionary goes from "shastra" to "shyster" and completes Volume VIII of that work, leaving parts of Volumes IX and X to be finished. These two volumes will be issued by Sir James Murray and his coadjutors, probably in 1917, the year of Sir James's eightieth birthday, as predicted by him last year. He published the first section, "A—Ant," in 1884, and it is to be hoped that he will live to see the noble work completed. Dr. Henry Bradley, of Oxford University, is the editor of the present section, and in his prefatory note says that the number of words recorded is 3,670, as against 1,525 in the Century Dictionary. This discrepancy is not nearly so great as it appears to be, because so many two-word compounds of practically self-evident meaning are included in the Oxford work. He also notes that this section is peculiar in that it records no words, except a very few phonetically abnormal ones, from Greek, Latin, French, or Old Norse, the initial of the words being the digraph *sh*. He might well have compared it with the group of words, occupy-

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ing nearly two hundred pages, beginning with the digraph *ch*, where are found not merely words of Greek origin, the digraph being a purely Greek borrowing, but all sorts of other words, the digraph having become well Anglicized.

The section is marked by the absence of conspicuous finds in the mistakes of other books, but exhibits the immense superiority in citations and consequent sense-development of words having a really literary history that distinguishes this work from any other dictionary ever published. Some of the notable terms are *shed, sheen, shine, shirk, shoot,* etc. This class of words, with their citations, discloses an admirable, almost Biblical, accuracy of typography and great acumen and care in comparison; but an examination of the section discloses a lamentable lack of care in the treatment of a class of words of more technical or superficial importance. It is unfortunate that these words were not either omitted or else treated with such care as to make the dictionary a work of final authority. Related words should have been compared to see that they agreed and the other works of reference, which appear to have been used irregularly or ignored altogether, should have been used systematically. For example, the earliest and only citation given for *shuck* in the sense of "the shell of an oyster or clam," is: "1881 Ingersoll *Oyster Industry*"; but Bartlett noted the use of the term in this sense in 1859, and this Bartlett is cited under *shindig*, and elsewhere. *Shindig* is a common enough word in the United States, but no American citation except from dictionaries is given. The word is slang, but is marked only "U. S."; yet *shebang* and *shyster* are properly marked "U. S. slang." When correct information as to American usage is to be had for the asking, it would be better to give it. The interesting etymology for *shyster* given in the New International Dictionary as being: "E. dial., from Ir. *siostair* barrator," is ignored. The citations under *shirred* are enough to warn the editor that the definition under *shirr*, "To poach (eggs) in cream instead of water," is inaccurate. This is quoted from an American dictionary, but should have been cited and a correct definition given. Many cook books afford one.

Prof. Joseph Schick, whose pursuit of the Hamlet story led him into a veritable Shinar of Coptic, Kurdish, and the like, now appears in the current "Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft" (Berlin: Georg Reimer), with a version of this tale in Chinese. The hero, who, like Hamlet in Saxo's telling of the story, though the bearer of a letter intended to bring him to his death, luckily wins fortune and a bride instead, is in this case no less a person than the Buddha himself. The present text, probably ultimately of Sanskrit origin, comes from the middle of the third century of our era. The original is collated with all the affectionate enthusiasm which marks the author's "Corpus Hamleticium." This issue of the "Jahrbuch" of the Society, now in its fiftieth year, contains, among others, essays on "Shakespeare und die Impresa-Kunst," "Shakespeare und Haydn," "Shakespeare und das Burgtheater," besides the usual summaries of recent publications in this and related fields.

Science

LEGENDS OF THE SUN.

Sun Lore of All Ages. By W. T. Olcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

What more natural than that primitive man should speculate on the great problem of the origin and creation of the visible universe, the sun and moon in especial? His myths relate how that orb, without separate existence before the birth of the world itself, was built and set going by the god of light. In yet other legends the sun either sprang into being as the sacrifice of the life of a god or hero, or was rescued from a dungeon or cave by a champion. Perhaps the solar myths of the North American Indian are the most interesting of all, because of their variety and ingenuity. While the various tribes agree that the world was dark before the sun was made, the majority of them had each its individual tradition as to how the sun actually came into existence. The great tribes of the Northwest believed that the raven, their supreme deity, one day hit upon the sun quite accidentally and, realizing its probable value to man, beast, and plant alike, set it in the heavens where it has ever since remained; the Yuma tradition was that the great god Tuchaipa created first the world, then the moon, the light of which proving insufficient, he provided in the sun everything requisite for man's need. Especially interesting is a legend related in full by Jeremiah Curtin in his "Creation Myths of Primitive America," a purely imaginative product ranking high with the best examples of Grecian and even Egyptian mythology, and among the Yana Indians of California there is a somewhat similar myth; the Cherokee myth reveals the sun as arbiter of man's fate; a Ute myth tells how the sun had to be conquered and rendered subject to the will of man before it would perform its daily task in a regular and orderly way; the Apache myth, while agreeing with most of the other Indian myths as to traditional darkness on earth, due to the belief that in the beginning the only light in the world emanated from the huge eagle feathers that people carried about with them, relates how a council of the tribe was convened to devise a better system of lighting: result, a great experimental disc painted bright yellow and with its more successful successors placed up in the sky one after the other, goodness knows how. The Kootenay myth creates the sun out of a ball of grease, through the instrumentality of the Coyote or Chicken Hawk; and the Cherokee myth was more elaborate and even implies that the legend of the Deluge was not unknown. We must pass over the Yokuts and Mewans and Pomos and Wyandots to touch upon the novel Navajo legend of the creation of sun, moon, and stars, which reveals the widest imaginative range of primitive man. Mr. Olcott, in order to accentuate the quaint imagery of these myths, has followed their original language quite closely; and he shows conclusively that the Indian was ever a poet, the study of whose tribal legends reveals a charming beauty of expression.

Myths of the solar creation are added from the mythology of Japan, Norseland, the Eskimo, the Peruvians, and the Manicacas of Brazil, the Mexicans, and the bushmen of South Africa; the Maori, the Tongas, and the Dyaks; and the salient feature of most of them is their agreement that life existed on this very insufficiently illumined sphere ages before sun and moon were created and stationed in the heavens.

Then follows a most interesting chapter embodying the views of the ancients as to what sun and moon really were; in the early history of all peoples these bodies were deferentially regarded as human beings, connected with the daily life of humanity, influencing mysteriously man's existence and controlling his destiny, whether as ancestors, heroes, or benefactors transported to the heavens after a life of usefulness here on earth. This supposed influence was largely parental, the first objects of idolatrous worship in the history of humanity being the Great Father (solar) and the Great Mother (lunar). Although naturally distinguished as to sex, the sex assigned to these bodies is sometimes interchanged, as in Australia the sun was a woman, the moon a man. In Peru the moon was mother and both sister and wife of the sun, like Osiris and Isis in Egypt. The Eskimo makes the moon the younger brother of a female sun, the early Malays regard both as women, a tribe of South American Indians makes the moon a man and the sun his wife, while Tylor in his "Primitive Culture" tells us that the Ottawa Indians, in their story of Iosco, picture the moon and sun as brother and sister. As a whole, in North American myths the sun and moon are more frequently brother and sister than man and wife, whereas in Central and South America, and, in particular, in Mexico and Peru, sun and moon were man and wife, and often called grandfather and grandmother.

This confusion of sex, Mr. Olcott remarks, may have arisen from the fact that the day, mild and friendly, would naturally be ruled by a feminine sun, while the chill night would have its counterpart in stern man. In equatorial and sub-tropical regions, on the contrary, the burning and forbidding day-time sun is a man, while the mild and pleasant night is due to a womanly moon, climatic condition alone being responsible for the confusion. So in the Romance languages generally, following the Latin, sun is masculine and moon feminine, whereas in German the gender of these bodies is reversed, and in the Upper Palatinate of Bavaria the sun is still spoken of as Frau Sonne and the moon is called Herr Mond.

From the legend of sun and moon as husband and wife sprang many myths, chief among them the old Persian belief that

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the stars are their offspring. Of course, the mythologic sun and moon no more lived happily together than man and wife do now; and the legends of their disputes and marital troubles are many, and it is most interesting to find among the bushmen, almost the lowest tribe of South Africa, the same mythology and celestial lore as among Eskimos, Australians, Egyptians, and Greeks. The culminating chapters of the volume relate to sun worship through all ages and in every clime; and these are followed by the wonderful sun-catcher myths, or legends that relate the fancied snaring of the sun, or retardation in its daily course, from Joshua to Weeseke-jak. Then come solar festivals, a remarkable chapter, and solar omens, traditions, and superstitions. "In short," says Mr. Olcott, "sun worship, symbolically speaking, lies at the very heart of the great festivals which the Christian Church celebrates to-day, and these relics of heathen religion have, through the medium of their sacred rites, curiously enough blended with practices and beliefs utterly antagonistic to the spirit that prompted them" (p. 248).

Following is a chapter on the solar significance of burial customs and the orientation of tomb and temple, for nowhere in the study of ancient rites and customs is the sun's influence on human affairs in greater evidence than in ceremonials attending the burial of the dead. Orientation played an important part in the rite of baptism as well as in many games and customs in vogue to-day: in the ring games of children, for instance, are obvious survivals of ancient sun-worship.

To many readers the last chapter, but one, on emblematic and symbolic forms of the sun, will be the most interesting of all, because these solar symbols enter largely into designs that embellish works of art whether ancient or modern; and as symbolism and worship are closely related, it is most instructive to trace these emblems and symbols to their sources through a study of ecclesiastic architecture, and the structural and artistic adornment of edifices dedicated to worship in very land. There are few modern edifices of the Christian Church but reveal the curious fact and bald incongruity of the combination of pagan symbols of worship with anti-pagan ritual. The symbolism of free masonry is briefly touched upon; in fact, the entire chapter, as well as in some sense the whole book, may be regarded as opening a rich field for further investigation, most fascinating, not only to the scholar, but to the antiquarian.

Whether the author has added anything to the worth of this exceptional book by a supplementary chapter on the Sun as Revealed by Science may be doubted. The work is well-nigh perfect without it, and must take instant place among the really significant books of the year. It is well made, handsomely printed, and fully illustrated, and contains a brief bibliography and fairly ample index.

Drama and Music

A FRENCH VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare et la Superstition Shakespearienne. By Georges Pellissier. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

It is always profitable to hear the other side in every case, and so this book may have its uses, although the sentence of unmitigated severity which the author passes upon the great poet is not likely to win the approval of many readers—at least, outside of France. M. Pellissier has at any rate the courage of his convictions, as will appear from the following paragraph of his introduction, in which he states the main theses of his book:

> Ayons le courage de le dire, ce "dieu du théâtre" est un très mauvais dramatiste. Nous montrerons qu'il taille ses pièces à coups de hache, que l'invention lui manque, que son pathétique relève en général du mélodrame et son comique de la farce, qu'il n'observe le plus souvent ni la vérité matérielle, ni la vérité morale, qu'il ne sait pas composer un personnage, qu'il substitue des effets de scène ou des déclamations ampoulées à l'analyse psychologique, qu'il prend enfin la place de ses acteurs pour parler lui-même par leur bouche.

When we come to look into the execution of this formidable programme, we discover that at bottom the author is merely reviving the old quarrel between the classical, or rather neo-classical, and the romantic drama. Do you prefer the methods of Corneille and Racine, or do you prefer those of Shakespeare and the rest of the romantic school? This is, essentially, what it all comes to. Indeed, we do not believe that even in specific criticisms much that is new will be found in this volume. On the other hand, the writer has massed such criticisms in a way that no one else has hitherto undertaken. Herein lies whatever value the book may possess.

To illustrate the general spirit of the author's work, we may cite his objection to Shakespeare's free handling of time, whereby the events which fall within a single act are sometimes of such a nature as to require us to assume the lapse of hours or even days. We might remind M. Pellissier that Æschylus, in the "Agamemnon," and Sophocles, in the "Œdipus at Colonus," have been guilty of the same offence without impairing their fame, but what is the use of hauling out of the limbo of forgotten pedantries such objections as these? The same thing applies, for the most part, to his remarks on Shakespeare's frequent changes of scene—only here he might still further have taken into account the condition of the Elizabethan stage, on which, of course, there were no such shiftings of elaborate scenery as are necessary in the modern presentation of plays.

Another stumbling-block to our author is the loose structure which characterizes Shakespeare's plots, as those of the Elizabethan dramatists generally. As every one knows, these writers, in dramatizing the chronicles, novels, etc., that lay before them, did not aim at giving to their materials a rigid dramatic structure. They regarded abundance and diversity of incident as among the chief sources of interest in the drama as well as in prose fiction, and with this principle in mind they even went so far as to combine very often in their plots stories that were originally separate. The chronicle-plays furnish the best illustration of the procedure just indicated, but the same thing is observable, more or less, throughout the Elizabethan drama. Freedom and variety are certainly advantages of such a method, but apart from this, why apply the yardsticks of the neo-classical drama to productions that are constructed on entirely different principles? It is the same attitude of mind that leads M. Pellissier to condemn with particular severity the first scene in "King Lear." Nothing could be more preposterous from his point of view than to give dramatic form to this fairy-tale conception of a King who divides out his kingdom among his daughters in proportion to the strength of their protestations of affection for himself. The lover of the romantic drama might reply that the scene, after all, sets before us, in a form that strikes the imagination, one of the most frequent weaknesses of human nature. In such cases, however, it is better for the representatives of two different tendencies in art not to argue, but to go their respective ways in peace.

The author, it should be remarked, makes no distinction between the plays of Shakespeare's youth and those of his maturity, or between plays like "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Timon of Athens," which are only partially Shakespearean, and others that are wholly so. Similarly, he does not seem aware that scenes like those in which Hecate appears in "Macbeth" or Posthumus's vision in "Cymbeline" are very generally rejected as spurious. The matter, however, is of little importance, for "Hamlet" and "Othello" receive as hard measure at M. Pellissier's hands as the most inferior works that are printed in the collective editions of Shakespeare. We scarcely need add that the reading of this book is a difficult task. The rôle of Zoilus involves an intolerable monotony, and if our author has assumed it, he must suffer the penalty.

The war will have a paralyzing effect upon the musical activities of Europe. The Paris Opéra, already on the brink of ruin before immediate war was dreamed of, can hardly hold its own now; and it does not seem probable that the opera houses of Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, London, Munich, and other cities will be able to open for a winter season. As for the soloists, those who can will no doubt be eager to come to this country for the coming season. Many of them, unfortunately, will have to serve in the armies of their country. Of the greatest of living violinists, Fritz Kreisler, this seems certain, for he is an officer in the Austrian

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army. The conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Josef Stransky, is another Austrian subject who may have to follow the call to arms. As he was a physician before he became a conductor, he will probably be in the surgical department, safe from bullets. Among the other great artists who may be exposed to them are the Russians, Chaliapine, Godowsky, Josef Hofmann, Gabrilowitsch, Lhévinne, Safonoff, Siloti, Rachmaninoff—to mention only those best known in this country; the Frenchmen, Clément, Renaud, Saléza, Dalmores, Rothier, Dinh Gilly, Marcoux, Roussilière, Muratore, Dufranne, Thibaud, Huberdean; the Germans and Austrians, Goritz, Reiss, Burrian, Hensel, Braun, Weil, Knote, Slezak, Sauer, Wüllner, Burgstaller, R. Strauss, Max Reger, Muck, and many others; to which Italy would add Caruso, Sammarco, Ruffo, Scotti, Bonci, Amato, Toscanini, Polacco, etc.

It is too late to make any suggestions, but one cannot but wish that arrangements had been made for including all musicians in the army bands, for which they would be much better fitted than for carrying guns. Caruso has shown in "Pagliacci" that he is a virtuoso on the drum, and doubtless many of the artists named play one of the instruments used in military bands, or could learn one in a few weeks.

How important a rôle bands play in army life every one knows. In Russia alone there are 100,000 uniformed musicians, one-half of whom are actively employed in the Empire's one thousand regiments, the other half being in the naval and military schools. Ivan Narodny contributed an illuminating article on this subject to *Musical America* two weeks ago. There has been serious discussion, he says, as to whether it would be wise to reduce the number of these musical companies, which cost a great deal of money, but the military authorities have never dared to do so, knowing the seriousness of the results. "Music for a Russian soldier means more than anything else." Before the great battle of Mukden, Mr. Narodny heard a Russian soldier say: "Whether I am to be shot or I have the luck to remain alive, I know not—but I must hear my favorite march this fatal night. It is a stimulation to action, a solace to the soul."

The generals who know this effect of music on soldiers are the ones who have thwarted all attempts to banish music from the army. On this subject Mr. Narodny cites the late General Linevitch, commander of the Russian army, who expressed himself in this forcible language: "Music is one of the most vital ammunitions of the Rissian army. Without music a Russian soldier would be dull, cowardly, brutal, and inefficient. From music he absorbs a magic power of endurance and forgets the sufferings and mortality. It is a 'divine dynamite.'"

The Russian surgeons in the Russo-Japanese War said that the dying soldiers in the hospitals implored that a band might play for them that they might overcome the agonies of pain. Napoleon complained, after he was defeated in Russia, that it was the deplorable result of Russian winter and Russian army music. "The weird and barbaric tunes of those beastly Cossack regiments simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites to the maddest rage, and they wiped out the very cream of the army," wrote the great conqueror in his notebook.

Art

VERMEER OF DELFT.

PART TWO:—AN ARTIST WHO PAINTED MORE LIKE A DREAMER AND A LOVER THAN LIKE A FATHER AND CITIZEN.

Jan Vermeer was also a most distinguished workman. Within his favorite scheme of straw yellow and blue, his planes of color are scrupulously accurate in atmospheric placing. Hals, had he given himself to work in little, might have shown an equal scrupulousness; no other Dutch artist did. Terborch effaces too much; Metsu lets his objects clash for lack of atmospheric subordination; De Hooch, with a wider range of color, sets himself a far simpler task. There never were more truthful interiors than those of Vermeer, and there never will be. The mere modulation of the apparently uniform tone of a wall, the sparkle of a gilt frame, the blue translucence of an open casement—of these effects, Vermeer is subtlest of masters. His modelling is highly simplified and discreet. Everything is kept rather flat, after a sort that at times will suggest the blander mode of Cézanne, and the form is suggested by the right distribution of large masses of light and dark and by the very accurate placing and texturing of the high lights. The textures are admirable, though never obtruded. Painting with a loaded brush, he yet keeps the surface relatively smooth. Within this smoothness are the most extraordinary modulations, so that a slight change of stroke or thickness will mean satin, fur, white porcelain, latten, or the Persian carpet which appears in so many of the pictures. Such bread and fruit as he painted quite incidentally you will seek in vain until Chardin. His contours or edges are most carefully graduated to accord with the background.

In general Vermeer eschewed the strong contrasts affected by his contemporaries. The blondness of his work gives it a very modern look, and in fact in its endeavor to cope with the actual effects of lighting without forced contrasts it is entirely modern in spirit. Certain eighteenth-century devices of heavy dotting or stippling, for coruscation—Guardi's habitual expedient—seem to have been first tried by Vermeer. You will find these loaded dots on almost any bit of still life, and particularly on the barges in the View of Delft. This fine but perhaps overestimated picture, for its quality is of a sort become rather usual to-day, well illustrates Vermeer's love of harmonious tone and avoidance of crass contrasts. The salmon-pink strand of the foreground and the pale blue of the haven are so nearly of the same value that in a photograph the waterline is found with difficulty. No other Dutch artist would have dared set this bit of true observation against the notorious fact that land and water are very different elements. The whole picture swims in air and diffused light. The red roofs glow between sky and water, as they do in nature, but with a depth no other Dutch painter has attained. The eye goes straight to the picturesque skyline of the town by virtue of the right placing and value of everything. There is no resort to the common device, which Goyen and even Rembrandt employed, of artificially darkening the foreground to lead the eye into the artificially irradiated middle distance. The attraction of Vermeer's picture, a splendid experiment which apparently he did not repeat, lies less in any implication of sentiment than in a quiet candor, probity, and fidelity to actual appearances.

Vermeer's figure composition, on the contrary, is highly conventional, though the convention again is legitimately deduced from facts. He builds his pattern out of rectangles—tables, chairs, casements, frames, floor-tiles cunningly assembled, against which the human figure serves either as an axis or as a contrasting arabesque. Sometimes, as in the Dresden Reader and the Studio, he hangs a curtain in the foreground, thus dividing the first plane into unequal rectangles. In the Love Letter, at Amsterdam, he makes a *coulisse* of several such rectangular forms, curtains and doors, and by displaying his scene far away in a tall slit, obtains an arresting, if rather sinister and uncharacteristic, effect. The convention is carried to the furthest point of refinement in the Music Lesson, at Windsor. The tall rectangles of casements and picture and mirror frames contrast with the oblong of the virginals high up in the picture. The tessellated floor repeats the geometrical pattern in a transverse sense. The figures of a girl and her auditor are skilfully set to break the severity of the scheme. A 'cello and a heavy rug trailing over a table are contrasting elements. Everything gives a sense of quietude and harmony. The respectful attitude of the man is rare in Dutch art, and wholly typical of Vermeer. Sometimes, as in the Amsterdam Reader, the rectangles overlap in interesting fashion, forming an elaborate fret. A more simple and normal use of this standard motive may be seen in the Charming Lady at a Casement, in the Marquand Room of the Metropolitan Museum. A table and map cut the wall into a sideways T (⊢), which is filled by the double S curves formed by the woman's outstretched arms and shoulders. There could be no satisfactory way of establishing a pattern, and the whole thing, with its lovely harmony of faintly shimmering blue and pale yellow, gives an early-morning peaceful impression, as of a day happily and well begun. The Studio, in the Czernin collection, which Mr. Hale regards as technically the finest Vermeer, shows a great variety of rectangles densely set about the map on the wall, with the figures arranged in piquant dissonantal relations to the general pattern.

Mr. Hale suggests that Vermeer may have drawn his rectangular-arabesque scheme from the study of Japanese paintings and

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prints. The coincidence is indeed interesting, but the Japanese did not systematically employ this system of space division until a half-century or more after Vermeer's death. The scheme, after all, had become almost an academic requirement in Holland by 1660. Terborch, Metsu, and De Hooch employ it, often felicitously; Vermeer simply adds to it variety and refinement.

With fewest exceptions, the cool light ripples through Vermeer's pictures from left to right. Generally the brush stroke follows the direction of the light, across and not with the forms. Such ability to secure the modelling by painting fearlessly down the light is, Mr. Hale justly observes, the surest mark of an accomplished luminist.

It would be easy and not unprofitable to carry the analysis of Vermeer's style much further, but it may all be read in Mr. Hale's elaborate and convincing chapters. I wish merely to remind the reader once more that this marvellous technique is not a thing in itself, the casual product of an uncommonly accurate eye and hand, but the means of expression of a rare sort of man who was much more than a painter—his homage to the daily beauty that his womenkind brought into his home.

If I am right in seeing, with M. Van Zype, a painter of feminist type in Vermeer, the reader already knows a good deal what sort of person the artist was. But the reader must divest from the idea of feminism certain morbid features which it has acquired in recent time, and think instead of a cult of woman inspired only by a normal sensuousness and by a fine chivalry. It is the gentleman's attitude to-day, and it was a pretty rare one in seventeenth-century Holland. Vermeer's refinement and idealizing tenderness must have come to him by nature, but they may well have been strengthened by gradual processes of education which may be traced in his works, and confirmed by marrying young a woman whom he loved. We may fitly end where logically we might have begun, by seeking for Vermeer's artistic origins and inquiring what light they cast upon his personality.

To be sure, the contemporary poetaster, Arnold Bon, deploring the death of Karel Fabritius in a powder explosion, represents Vermeer as a phœnix, an *alter ego* of Karel, rising superbly from the powder reek, but this does not say that Vermeer was Fabritius's pupil. Still, modern criticism has grasped at the possibility of such a link between the mysterious and exquisite Fabritius and his younger friend, and by including the two in his great "Catalogue Raisonné," Hofstede de Groot has given great currency to what is rather an unlikely hypothesis. Many critics, following Thoré, assume that Vermeer developed under the influence of Rembrandt. Against this is the blondness of the work, its straightforwardness, and lack of fantastic quality. A more plausible theory is that he was the pupil of the accomplished chiaroscurist, Leonard Bramer, who had studied at Rome with the idyllic Elsheimer. In 1654, and later, during Vermeer's early membership in the Guild of St. Luke, Bramer was head man, and presumably a leading spirit, in the small artist circle at Delft. An Italianate taste is betrayed in the pictures represented in Vermeer's interiors. A Crucifixion, a Last Judgment, a Doubting Thomas, a Finding of Moses, and a Cupid attest the master's admiration for the grand style. The occasional poor Vermeers—they are so disconcerting that John Van Dyke needlessly evokes a pseudo-Vermeer in explanation—I mean the two pictures in the National Gallery and the Love Letter at Amsterdam as types—these poorer Vermeers suggest that in his later years he, too, was yielding to the general Gallic sleekness of which the Mierises were the most offensive exponents. Throughout, he seems something of an eclectic. In what may well be his earliest pictures, Christ with Mary and Martha, and Diana and her Nymphs, Vermeer is evidently composing his groups after the consecrated pyramidal formula invented in Italy.

The gravity of the New Testament scene is remarkable, the relief salient, but without giving much sense of air and space; the Martha pleading for the active life as she offers bread is a noble, amiable, and even pathetic figure; the pyramid made by the three forms is carefully established in three dimensions. At long range the picture might easily be taken for an exceptionally fine work of the Caracci school, and there we must seek its inspiration.

Still quite Italianate is the Toilette of Diana. The five figures are disposed as an oblique pyramid. Primarily the picture is a study in delicate light and shade, the landscape being merely perfunctory. Five buxom Dutch girls are nearly dressed after their swim. One shows part of an exquisitely modelled back. One kneels and is drying the modestly exposed feet of the lass who is designated as the Sylvan Goddess only by the crescent in her filleted hair. What is impressive about this little pastoral is the ritual gravity of these wholesome young creatures in their trivial actions—the delightful unconsciousness of it all. Among the Dutch painters, only Rembrandt, in the Finding of Moses, of the Johnson collection, has conceived anything at once so arcadian and so homely. There is an odd Correggian suggestion about Vermeer's group. Unquestionably he had studied classic Italian art both in engravings and in such derivative pictures as those of Rubens and Van Dyck. The travelled and cultured Leonard Bramer may well have inspired such studies. In fact, there may have been a moment when young Vermeer, too, might easily have slipped into a hazardous cosmopolitanism. But his lucidity and intellectual independence were no less notable than his flexibility. For him experimentation a-field was only the road to a finer native idiom.

In the big canvas, The Procuress, dated 1656, he is plainly finding the way. It is a bordel picture, of the sort which Frans Hals had made staple at neighboring Haarlem. Four quite unconvincing revellers are seen at half-length behind a table, over which falls a fur wrap and an Eastern rug. At the right an eager scarlet-coated gallant fondles a pretty wench from behind, thrusting a gold piece into her hand, which lies open on the table. Her face is untroubled, her air innocent, and while she receives the money, she carefully steadies a massive wine-glass with her other hand. At the right another long-haired celebrant grasps a glass, while clutching the neck of a viol, and grins rather aimlessly out of the picture. Between the two wastrels the shrewd face of a middle-aged procuress peers greedily at her ward. The color is a handsome if startling blare of scarlet, crimson, and yellow. The composition, the table occupying all the lower half of the picture, making an odd formal arrangement, and the frame crowding the heads above, is unexpected, piquant, restless—everything that Vermeer in his maturity is not. The sense of space and quiet is absent. Throughout, the picture suffers from over-emphasis. Vermeer brings to his uncongenial theme neither the moralistic unction of a Jan Steen nor the magnificent imperturbability of a Terborch. What is remarkable about the picture is the beautiful painting of the accessories and the endeavor to embody a thoroughly hackneyed matter in a novel and interesting composition.

At least it is the renunciation of the grand style. Mr. Hale thinks that the magisterial Milkmaid at Amsterdam may have followed this picture closely. Here the finished Vermeer is found. The serenity of his home, the charm of the serviceable women who kept it bright—here was the new and permanent vision. To the end of his short life Vermeer was to paint more like a dreamer and a lover than like a father and citizen. To lend truth and dignity to his dream he will spare no pains of acute observation and cunning craftsmanship. Is not this the very simple secret of Vermeer, most engaging of Dutch artists, consummate practitioner among artists of every time?

His home was full of music. Musical themes constitute the largest class of his works. Musical instruments are introduced into several others. His best pictures have something of the quality of a seventeenth-century motet. There is the same broad and generous harmony, those exquisitely balanced blues and yellows, in the details; something of the accurate, almost pedantic, construction of the whole in its calculated geometry. The glamour lies largely in this combination of breadth and spaciousness and lyrical sweep within a scrupulously formalistic framework. Such measured lyrism, with a tinge of preciosity, was a most characteristic artistic product of Vermeer's times—it is the specific note of contemporary French and English verse, and he himself is its most distinguished exponent in the art of painting.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

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Finance

THE NEWS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS.

At the end of business hours on Thursday of this week, the New York Stock Exchange will have been closed three weeks. This is much the longest consecutive suspension of business in its history. During the panic of 1873, the Exchange shut down in the middle of the day's business, Saturday, September 20; it opened at the usual hour on Tuesday, September 30, and that was the "record" until 1914. During this present three weeks' silence of the stock market, since July 30, there have been momentous happenings, and by no means all of them were in the category of war news. It is a problem of more than mere hypothetical interest, how stock market prices would have moved in response to each of them; for some day, the Stock Exchange must reopen.

If the Exchange had not closed on the last day of July, it is certain that an extremely violent break in prices would have occurred. Selling orders from Europe, with discretionary power for agents to sell 5 points, and sometimes very much more, below the previous day's close, were known to be overhanging. The closing of London's Stock Exchange would have turned the flood of panicky European liquidation on New York, and, though "bargain hunters" would undoubtedly have been most active, their buying could hardly have averted the break. There would quite possibly have been some Stock Exchange failures.

But it has been the rule in all of our greater financial crises that this extreme demoralization spends itself on the one day of helpless panic. On October 24, 1907, with money at 100 per cent. and stocks falling 5 to 10 points, there was talk of closing the Exchange. But on the following day, in the face of 75 per cent. money and numerous bank failures, a violent recovery ensued.

The reasons for that recovery (as on all previous occasions of the sort) were knowledge that important relief expedients were preparing, and buying for account of foreign markets. The first of these influences would have been at work on Saturday, August 1; Congress rushed through the emergency-currency plan that day, and the London news foreshadowed the remarkable series of relief measures which followed. But the other traditional influence for quick recovery could hardly have prevailed as it did in 1907 and 1893. This time, the whole world was simultaneously in a state of outright panic; something perhaps unprecedented.

Yet recovery from the worst must presently have come, even with Europe selling, for the relief measures took effect at once, quite altering the immediate outlook. Our sudden and large bank deficit of Saturday, August 2, would not necessarily have stopped that recovery; a similar bank statement, forty-eight hours after the panic day of 1907, did not check the upward reaction. But it is not so easy to say how the market would have acted, after England had actually declared war on Germany, on Tuesday, August 4.

It would seem certain that the unexpected check by Belgium to the advance of the German troops towards Paris must have sent prices up. It is true that, in 1870, the succession of easy Prussian victories over France caused a rise on the London Stock Exchange; that was because they foreshadowed early ending of the war. But similar German victories, last week, would have foreshadowed a critical military situation for Great Britain, which could hardly have failed of ominous reflection here. How prices would alternately have been affected by the railway rate decision, on the second day of the Stock Exchange suspension—news which we lately thought was to determine the whole movement of our finance—by the loss of $57,000,000 cash in the bank statement of August 8, by the monthly crop report of the day before, with its cutting down of 234 million bushels in the estimate on corn yield and of 29 millions on spring wheat; by the increase of 125,000 tons in the Steel Trust's unfilled orders for July, and by the District Court decision against he Harvester Company under the Anti-Trust law: all this is not so readily imagined.

The Stock Exchange's day-by-day reflection of the news from the Belgian battlefields might have given us something which the censor could not suppress. Imagining the stock markets of London, Paris, and Berlin now to be freely operating, and prices in each of them accessible, the cabled quotations would possess very rare interest. In the possible line of battle now impending stands the town of Waterloo; and it so happens that, when the famous conflict there was fought, ninety-nine years ago, the channels of information and the Stock Exchanges were open.

That battle was fought on June 18. British consols had fallen from 59½ at the opening of June to 56 that day. Communication, in those days, was slow; there was no telegraph, and London usually got its news from the Continent two days later. On the 16th the Prussians met their severe reverse at Ligny, and that was all the news that the City had, on the day of Waterloo itself. There will come a day or two when London, even with cable and telegraph, will have another such period of suspense.

Consols were at their lowest when Napoleon began the fight at Waterloo. On July 20, the London *Times*, in a double-leaded editorial, told that "a Mr. Sutton, who we understand owns the packets plying between Ostend and Colchester, had heard at Ostend the news of a great victory, and had ordered one of his vessels at once to sail for England, though without passengers; he himself crossing in her." Mr. Sutton thus seems to have brought the first news; but on the same day—again quoting the editorial statement of the London *Times*—"those who watched the operations of the Stock Exchange were persuaded that the news would be followed up by something still more brilliant and decisive; some houses, generally supposed to possess the best information, being among the purchasers."

What ensued was particularly interesting. Official news of the battle of June 18 reached London on the 21st, in Wellington's terse announcement of "the complete overthrow of the enemy's army." Consols advanced, yet they rose only 4 points in the next four days. Of French Government bonds, one Paris newspaper remarked, when the news of Waterloo came in, that "the rapid rise of the public funds, amidst our disasters, presents a vast field of meditation." They stood at 56 on June 14, when Napoleon left Paris for the front. They closed on June 30 at 65¼.

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FICTION.

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Edginton, H. M. Oh! James! Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.
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Peck, Theodora. White Dawn. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Smith, J. T. The Black Cardinal. The Champlain Press. $1.25 net.
Stanley, C. A. Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Sutton, Ransom. The Passing of the Fourteen. Devin-Adair Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

An Open Letter to Sir Edward Carson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.
Bishop, Major Harry G. Elements of Modern Field Artillery, United States Service. Menasha, Wis.: G. Banta Pub. Co.
Crapsey, A. S. The Rise of the Working-Class. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Hobson, J. A. Traffic in Treason. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.
Hunt, Gaillard. The Department of State of the U. S.: Its History and Function. Yale. $2.25 net.
Law Reports and Session Laws of New York. No. 711. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Leeson, Cecil. The Probation System. London: P. S. King & Son. 3s. 6d. net.
Militarism. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 4d. net.
Ward, John. The Soldier and the Citizen. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cross, A. L. History of England and Great Britain. Macmillan.
Diary of William Brently. Volume IV. Salem, Mass.: The Essex Institute. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Gould, Gerald. My Lady's Book. Mitchell Kennerley.
Oxford Edition of Standard Authors: Poems of William Cullen Bryant. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

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SCIENCE.

Barrett, W. F. Physical Research. Holt. 50 cents net.
Silberstein, L. The Theory of Relativity. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Wendell, O. C. Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXIX —Part II. Cambridge: The Observatory.
Wiley, H. W. 1001 Tests of Foods, Beverages and Toilet Accessories, Good and Otherwise. Hearst International Library Co. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Carter, Huntly. The Theatre of Max Reinhardt. Mitchell Kennerley.

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